TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1926 — NUMBER 52

Reader's Progress

RECENTLY, in desultory talk with a certain publisher, we fell to analyzing the development of the average reader, and, incidentally of ourselves as lovers of good books. We reduced the progress of a vital interest in contemporary literature to three chief stages. Harking back to our own earliest experiences with books, we recalled the libraries of respective homes in which a majority of the great books of the ages were ranked before the young reader, the young and active reader who had many other interests at the time connected with school, playground, and athletic field—though school, also, was obviously a place of books.

The riches of literature lay all around us. In the home, the great writers of the past were often talked about, in the school they were, to a certain extent, crammed down our throats. We absorbed the more original comments concerning them in the home, the more stereotyped in the school. But through our early days most of the great names became familiar to us. Yet we read in two fashions.

We went to the books in the home somewhat impressed by the opinions of those we loved and respected. In the school, alas, we more often approached reading as a mere task. But in either case we judged books by one touchstone alone. There were books in which we immediately became absorbed. There were books which, after a few pages, unless as a prescribed school task, we should never—we thought—seek out again. We were quite open to conviction. But we demanded that a story immediately obliterate the outside world for us, that it transport us to another region. We had our own quaintly limited predilections, and a minimum of patience.

Consequently our reading was heterogeneous in the extreme. Possessing average, healthy minds, we took to nickel libraries as easily as to Dickens. We might read a masterpiece and find it enthralling, and, the next day, find equally enthralling some preposterous, cheap story of no possible literary value. We had not yet enough data to establish any standard of comparison.

* * *

So the first stage. The second followed from our late 'teens onward. With many readers, the second stage persists through most of their lives. It is a stage in which certain experiences of actual life have been garnered, certain disillusionments encountered, certain theories of life evolved. The reader then seeks in the creative writing he meets with, a mirror of his developing self. No longer does he merely desire a narrative that shall transport him out of the world around him. His interest in human psychology is stirring, awakened by the conflicts and contrarieties of mind and emotion he is just discovering in his own being. He has absorbed a draught of life deep enough to stimulate musing and the exercise of memory, with its perpetual judgments and comparisons of past events. In this stage the reader values most in his reading the description of those experiences and events most closely paralleling those in which he himself is involved or is likely to be involved. Still he has not come to the question of technique, still his standard of comparison as to the manner in which a book is written is but sketchy and a matter (to him) of quite minor consideration.

The third stage is approached through a wider and deeper experience both of life and of books. Many judgments have been rejudged and recast, spiritual and mental milestones have been left behind, memory assorts a larger store of experience, more books have been assimilated and literature has defined itself in categories. Out of this has grown more than the mere outline of a standard of comparison. The critical sense takes charge. Not the mere matter in a book alone, but the manner in which this matter is presented becomes of importance. Precedents and influences are discerned in the work of contemporary writers, philosophical borrowings, styles that may be referred back to other styles.

And finally the reader whose critical sense has been thoroughly liberated, and now always leads the charge in any attack upon a new creative work, often lays down a book to lament that the uncritical but thorough enjoyment of a fictitious world, germane to the first stage of reading, has passed forever. Oh, to "lose" himself again in a book! Or even, as in the second stage, to revive that

(*Continued on page* 951)

I Know a Certain Woman

By CHARLES DIVINE

I KNOW a certain woman goes
Immaculate, immune
To breath of lilac, scent of rose,
To stars or moon or any tune
Invading her repose;
I know a certain woman goes
So arrogantly in her clothes.

Cold? No coldness in her eye.
Only her step goes passing by
Disdainful as the rain.
I think she does not dare to sigh
For sighing is a kind of pain,
And so she goes, a woman goes,
Immaculate, immune,
Surrendered to no tune,
Aware, I think, if once she sang
It could not be for long
With heartbreak in her song.

This Week

Two Books on War. Reviewed by *Elbridge Colby.*

Books on Soviet Russia. Reviewed by *Graham R. Taylor.*

"The Art in Painting." Reviewed by *Alfred H. Barr, Jr.*

Books on Hunting. Reviewed by *Alfred Stoddart.*

"Poetic Values." Reviewed by *Frank Luther Mott.*

"Pediatrics of the Past." Reviewed by *Edward C. Streeter, M.D.*

"The Black Hunter." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"Sounding Brass." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*

Next Week, or Later

Henry Ford in This World. By *Rexford Guy Tugwell.*

History of Human Progress*

By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THE number of people who are interested in the evolution of civilization seems to be increasing. This is fortunate, for never before, so far as we are aware, has human culture changed so rapidly and hence been so deeply in need of wise helmsmen. Such helmsmen must be able to foretell at least a little of the future by reason of their knowledge of the past. This is the more essential because now, as never before, we see an almost incredibly rapid change in the very fabric of human nature. Not only are stupendous cultural changes taking place, but the innate biological character of the human race is probably changing faster than ever before in all history. During no other century have man's mode of life, occupations, places of residence, marital relationships, rates of reproduction and death, and his attitude toward women, children, migration, and racial mixture suffered any such complete revolution as has occurred during the last three or four generations. The world is evidently moving at a very rapid rate. The only way to find where we are going is to discover the truth about the past and use that as the basis for inferences as to the future. Hence history is assuming a new importance. That is one reason why our waste baskets overflow with documents telling us how much we miss if we fail to buy the best, the raciest, the fullest, the most authentic, the cheapest, or the latest interpretation of man. For the same reason we are constantly assured that this interpretation must begin with the earliest amoeba and end only with the superman who may arise tomorrow.

* * *

Doubtless this is all true, but who is to be our guide? "The historian, of course," is the first answer. But what if the historian is interested primarily in old documents and dates, and exults over the finding of a new letter from some obscure prime minister more than over a unique discovery as to how primitive man passed from the age of Stone to that of Copper and Iron? Shall we turn to the archæologist? But perhaps he is so enraptured at finding new markings on old potsherds or new gilding on old tombs that he cares little for the effect of religion in altering the position of women? Perhaps the student of comparative religions will give us a better analysis, but he knows nothing about economics. The economist in turn knows little about ethnology; the ethnologist still less about politics, the student of politics has no real conception of geography, and the geographer is not trained in the critical methods of historical analysis. Thus we complete a circle, and find in it no one who knows enough to write the history of civilization. Then why not enlarge our circle, and include the novelist, biologist, philosopher, and many others? Shall we then find anyone who is able to write the history of civilization acceptably? We shall certainly find that the special talents of every one of these persons are needed if we are to have a history that is accurate in its facts, interesting in its style, well balanced in its selection of material, fair in its presentation of opposing views, and progressive yet cautious in its attempts to interpret causes. But no one man can possibly fulfil all these exacting criteria.

How then shall the history of civilization be written? Let us see how people have attempted to

*The History of Civilization. Edited by A. K. Ogden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 8 vols. 1926.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

write it. Three main ways have been tried. In the first, one man attempts to do the whole thing; in the second, a group of people write independently; and in the third one man, or a group, tries to weld together the work of many coöperators. Each method has undoubted advantages, and each also has defects. "An Outline of History," by H. G. Wells, is the latest well-known attempt of the first kind. It provides an extreme illustration of both the advantages and defects of this method. It is intensely interesting; it surveys the whole field of civilization from a single standpoint and is thus very clear; and it provides a great number of fresh ideas which stimulate discussion. On the other hand, it is inaccurate not merely in minor details which can be corrected in new editions but in the very singleness of standpoint which makes it so clear and stimulating. Moreover, it is distinctly partisan, for it advocates certain policies instead of merely explaining them. At the same time it creates false impressions by stressing the individuals, problems, and periods which especially interest the author and by unconsciously suppressing or writing less interestingly about others of equal importance which do not happen to interest him. These are not the faults of Mr. Wells but of his method.

The second method is illustrated by the "Chronicles of America," published in fifty volumes by the Yale University Press. Its great advantage is that each volume is written by a specialist who knows the exact facts and who is likely to be able to have at his finger tips the various hypotheses as to the causes of the events of his chosen time. But the specialist is perhaps less likely than the more general student to appreciate the broader causes and deeper relationships of such events, and to weigh their respective importance impartially. Other disadvantages are great diversity of style, a good deal of repetition, and the statement of divergent views with no attempt to show their relative values. Moreover, the reader is likely to obtain erroneous impressions because he attaches undue importance to matters which are discussed by several authors or by authors whose literary style is especially good.

The third method may be illustrated by the "His- History of the World." There the attempt to obtain accuracy by quoting from contem- sources or from recognized authorities; sec- ond, to arouse and maintain interest by using quotations that are well written, and third, to obtain unity of thought and also of literary style to a certain degree by having the editors write long connecting passages and rewrite certain sections. Which of the three methods is best it would be rash to assert. Each produces highly valuable and permanent results.

* * *

Let us turn now to the latest "History of Civilization," which is also one of the most ambitious. This is the series of about two hundred volumes which Alfred A. Knopf has begun to bring out under the editorship of A. K. Ogden of Cambridge University, with Professor Harry E. Barnes of Smith College as consulting editor. This history follows the second of our three methods in its purest form. Each volume is a complete unit written by a specialist and practically unrelated to every other unit. The eight volumes which are before me as I write all pertain to the earlier phases of human development. Part are translations from the French, but many were written especially for the present series. "The object of this Library," as the publishers put it, using abundant capital letters, is to provide "a Universal History of Mankind—covering every aspect of the Development of Civilization," and "to present in accessible form the results of modern research and modern scholarship in the whole range of the social sciences. In particular the Library will incorporate the new French series of 'L'Evolution de l'Humanité,' in which the leading *savants* of France are collaborating with the Director of the *Revue de Synthèse Historique;* and the lucidity and brilliance which are characteristic of their contributions will serve as standard for the whole Library."

There can be no question as to the comprehensiveness of the plan of this great collection of volumes, nor as to the desirability of publishing a single great series which thus covers the whole range of human progress. Nor can there be any question that the men chosen to write the various volumes are among the most eminent and able scholars in their respective fields. It is equally clear that there are great advantages in attempting to issue a large number of such volumes within a few years so that the owner of the complete set may have at hand the best available information up to a certain definite date. Again, in these days of second-hand transliteration of history, science, and every other subject by men who are primarily writers rather than thinkers, it is most refreshing to be able to turn to well-written volumes which are the work of men who are acknowledged as genuine and original contributors in their respective fields. Incidentally it is also pleasant to have a great historical collection packed into volumes that are all of a size, and give a substantial appearance to a library.

* * *

But how do the books rise to the proper standard when one comes to read them? We naturally begin with "The Earth Before History: Man's Origin and the Origin of Life," by Edmond Perrier, late professor of comparative anatomy at the Museum of Natural History—presumably in Paris, although the title-page forgets to state this. The book begins with a long philosophical introduction by Henri Beer, the editor of the French series, in which he sets forth the objects, aims, and difficulties of the editors. The book itself is not properly a part of the history of civilization. In fact it contains nothing whatever about civilization; only eight pages deal with man, and they are concerned with this anatomical relationship to apes and similar animals. Yet by reason of its fine literary style the book is uncommonly interesting. It appears to have been written not later than 1912, to judge from the scarcity of later references, and perhaps still earlier. The point of view of the book goes back still farther, and much of the geology is almost antiquated. Thus life is said to have existed on the earth only twenty million years, man only forty thousand. We are told in the most positive terms that geological changes of climate are due to a gradually shrinking sun, and that glaciation was "unquestionably the consequence of orogenic phenomena, which by raising high peaks—favored the accumulation of great masses of snow." The sun, again, is said to be "molten," perhaps with "scoriæ floating on its surface." We are likewise told quite positively that life arose through the action of sunlight during a period when the sun, being a blue star, sent forth radiation of a more powerful kind than that now emitted. Such views are extremely interesting as hypotheses, but are highly debatable, to say the least. Thus, while we are delighted with the literary style of this first volume, we are disappointed with it as science.

Among the eight books now before us, Lucien Febvre's "Geographical Introduction to History" is the next in logical order. Here we find an extraordinary antithesis to Perrier's delightful volume. Instead of easy reading, we have long, complicated sentences which tax the reader's powers of attention; instead of a mind which eagerly jumps at new conclusions, we find one that questions everything; instead of fascinating flights of the imagination which appear to the author as truth, we have page after page of abstract argument and criticism spun out so far that it becomes tiresome. If we accept the book at its face value we must conclude that geographical influences, although real, never amount to much. But if we combine Febvre's extreme distrust of the influence of physical environment with Perrier's supreme confidence in its ability to do all things, even to create life, we perhaps arrive at the happy mean. This process of setting great extremes side by side may be wholesome. It undoubtedly is an excellent tonic for the thoughtful person who reads one book while the other is fresh in mind, but it is not so good for the person who reads only one of them, or who does not think for himself. But why was the geological part of the "History of Civilization" put in the hands of a biologist and the geographical part in those of an historian?

* * *

The next book, "Prehistoric Man: A General Outline of Prehistory," by the famous archæologist, Jacques de Morgan, goes to no such extremes as do the two already mentioned. It is a well-written, straightforward account of human industries and arts from paleolithic times down to the early part of the Iron Age. Its geology is somewhat antiquated, having apparently been written before 1910 and not revised. The archæological portions, on the contrary, seem to be more nearly up to date, and were revised for the English edition in 1923. Many very interesting pages are devoted to generalizations, conclusions, and the elaboration of great principles. Other sections, of less general interest, give a wealth of details as to types of human artefacts and the progress of the various types from one age to another.

In "The Peoples of Asia," L. H. Dudley Buxton, lecturer in Physical Anthropology at Oxford, gives a broad view of the early migrations in that continent and of their effect upon the present distribution of physical characteristics. He makes no attempt to deal with the culture of the various peoples. "The Dawn of European Civilization," by V. Gordon Childe, does the same for Europe, but adds an account of the development of the arts and industries. Both of these books contain large sections which are interesting to the general student as well as to the specialist, but both also set forth a great many details. In fact the ordinary reader is in danger of suffering from a surfeit of dry facts which he has difficulty in relating to any general principles or to the onward march of history. This is especially true of the book on Europe, where the author assumes a rather high degree of special knowledge on the part of the reader. Such a method is, of course, a virtue for the specialist, or for anyone who wishes to delve deeply into the prehistoric period. It merely illustrates the fact that no one book can meet the demands of all kinds of readers. Almost exactly the same may be said of "The Ægean Civilization," by Gustave Glotz, Professor of Greek History at the University of Paris. The book is well written, some passages being brilliant, but the steady advance of thought is inevitably clogged by a vast amount of detail. In this volume, as in some of the others, the lack of correlation between the various authors is clearly evident. To take my own field, for example, the first twelve pages form an eloquent but erroneous panegyric of the geography of the Ægean, full of unproved guesses which are stated as facts. If Professor Febvre had looked over this book he would have protested strongly against what he would regard as a highly dangerous method.

* * *

Finally among the eight volumes of "The History of Civilization" we come to two which resemble Perrier's "Earth Before History" in being so well written that they tempt one to read them for pleasure, but which have the added advantage of being eminently well balanced. "Mesopotamia: The Babylonian and Assyrian Civilization," by L. Delaports, Professor in the Catholic Institute of France, has an advantage over the other books thus far mentioned in that it is based on definite written records which provide an unmistakable thread of narrative. Nevertheless, the author wisely departs from this in large sections of this book, and takes up problems such as those of government, economics, the family, and religion. In the other volume, V. Gordon Childe deals most interestingly with "The Aryans: A Study of Indo-European Origins." His book deserves high credit not only for its fulness and fairness in discussing views opposed to his own, but for the consistent way in which he lays out his argument, indicates the relation of one part to another, points out his own weaknesses, and carries the reader with him in interested anticipation of how the final conclusions will work out.

In summing up these volumes as a whole, one feels that they represent a most valuable contribution to human knowledge. The authors and publishers all deserve congratulations and support in their attempt to set forth the whole field of history. The series as a whole is evidently going to be one of the most valuable sets of volumes that the ordinary library can acquire during the next decade or so. On the other hand, one feels the limitations of this method whereby each topic and each period tends to be judged so largely on the basis of the personal characteristics of a single author.

What we need is a relatively brief history which combines the good points of a fascinating book like Wells's "Outline of History," and of a scholarly series like "The History of Civilization." Is such a book possible? It requires, first, and above all great teachability. On the other hand it requires a dozen or twenty collaborators of highly diverse types who are willing to subordinate their own personalities for the sake of the general scheme. They must be real contributors in the deepest sense and must be willing to appear as authors only in the preface or on a special page, and to give of their very best even though part of what they give may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not be used. The main author should first consult his colleagues so fully that he imbibes their various viewpoints and sympathizes with their methods of viewing history. Then he should write a complete draft of his history in his own way, in his own style, and from his own standpoint, modified of course by that of his colleagues. Then he should submit the draft to each of his colleagues, not merely for criticism, but for reconstruction. Each colleague should revise and rewrite those parts with which he does not agree, or in which he thinks that amplification, further explanation, or the setting forth of other views are necessary. Then the main author should rewrite the whole book from beginning to end. That is the real test of his greatness. If he can be teachable enough to learn from his colleagues and dispassionate enough to look at his own views through their eyes and even discard some of them, he may succeed in writing a book which will be the nearest approach yet made to a genuine history of human progress.

The Roots of War

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR. By JOHN BAKELESS. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $2.50.

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR. By HARRY ELMER BARNES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN ELBRIDGE COLBY

IF we were to believe the author of the first of these volumes, we should be convinced that the roots of all wars are purely economic, "the triple quest for foodstuffs, raw materials, and markets" by "industrial nations with large armies or navies or both." Such he deems to have been the causes of the World War, and such he considers to be the present underlying causes of future war. He sees the entire world engaged in a tremendous economic struggle, with differences of desire that must eventually be settled by the grim arbitrament of war, possibly that day when, as he predicts, Germany will once more become one of the great powers of the world. He is suspicious of the Teuton and speaks of her as "supposed to be" disarmed "at least officially."

It is easy to see that he fears Germany as the precipitant of a new struggle, simply because he recognizes her economic potentiality. But we cannot always follow him, as we cannot always follow anyone who picks one single thing as the sole cause of conflict. We cannot believe him when he says the airplane is the "ideal troop transport," nor when he quotes believingly from Colonel Fuller's fantastic book which talks of laughing gas throwing London into hysterics while a Parliament succumbing to a melancholic gas grants terms of peace to masked aviators. Nor can we follow him when he takes on with the extreme opinions of Evans and Hyde on the subject of the loss of distinction between combatants and non-combatants, rather than with the more seasoned judgments of John Bassett Moore.

If Mr. Bakeless is correct, Professor Barnes might never have written.

* * *

Professor Barnes is one of the chief exponents in America of the "revisionist interpretation" regarding the proximate causes of the World War. As we recall the sound historical scholars in the field of international relations, and remember how they turned propagandists for the government and for the War Department, and then look at them today, we realize we must approach even so emphatically phrased a book as this by Professor Barnes with a great deal of seriousness. He states that "no trained historian has yet given evidence of having examined the new documents in a thorough fashion without having become distinctly converted to the revisionist point of view" as was Professor Barnes himself. The statement is a strong one, and possibly not entirely true; but, saving the exceptions, it is sound.

To educate the people to a new conception of the real guilt for the World War has been the object of Professor Barnes. His thesis, briefly, is this: Nationalism, imperialism, militarism, navalism, of which all nations were guilty to a nervous degree, were the causes of the war. Serbia deliberately plotted to murder the Archduke and so precipitated the crisis. Austria properly desired a stringent punishment of Serbia, even to temporary occupation of Belgrade, but wished the troubles kept localized. Russia, with an eye on Constantinople and the Balkans, was set on interfering, even though she knew such interference would bring about a general conflict. Her insistent mobilization precipitated war. France actually egged Russia on because she herself wished a general European War which would enable her to quell her radicals and secure her revenge for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine forty-odd years previously. England deliberately went into the conflict to dispose of a dangerous military, naval, and commercial rival, and bungled her pacific diplomacy so that war was inevitable. Germany gave Austria *carte blanche* with Serbia, expecting the troubles to be Balkan merely, but really sought to avoid a general European war in which she would have everything to lose and not much prospective chance of eventual victory. America was dragged in by Allied and financial propaganda, and by the pro-British sympathies of Mr. Page, who represented Britain to Mr. Wilson more than he represented the United States at the Court of St. James.

Professor Barnes sustains his thesis, although in perhaps a trifle too vigorous language for sober history, with facts gleaned from publications brought to light in Austria, Germany, and Russia by revolutionary governments. Nationalism and diplomacy were the causes of the war, nationalism and French desires for revenge for 1870-1871. In the face of his exposition, the generalizations of Mr. Bakeless melt away, like the pretty colors of sunset before a terrible typhoon.

St. John Ervine. Drawn for *John O'London's Weekly* by Bohun Lynch.
From "Parnell," by St. John Ervine (Little, Brown).

But Professor Barnes has a hard task. Nationalism is deeply rooted. Propaganda has been effective. Few except patient scholars will follow him closely enough to agree with him. They will more readily and more lazily accept the vague memories of the "Four Minute Men" of 1918. If they would only read the interestingly recounted story of Ambassador Morganthau's version of the Potsdam Council and see how a monstrous fiction has been perpetrated through the drunken lying of one ambassador and the vanity of another and combined misquotation and misinterpretation of stock market figures, they might read other chapters and begin to think instead of merely holding to their war-time prejudices. At the Potsdam council, which was supposed to have determined on war on July 5, 1914, Professor Barnes shows the military and naval chiefs were absent, all the ambassadors were absent except the one who boasted about it, Jagow was not there; nor were Ballin nor Krupp. The Potsdam Council was a fiction; but a fiction that is too readily believed; and will be believed by those who refuse to read, and to keep abreast of new facts on old subjects.

A hot reception is predicted for this book. And it is hoped it will get a hot one, for only by an examination of the facts such as a reading of this book will stimulate can sensible people realize that treaties signed at the point of a gun do not necessarily tell the truth or do justice.

Soviet Russia

BROKEN EARTH. By MAURICE HINDUS, with an Introduction by GLENN FRANK. New York: International Publishers. 1926. $2.

EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By SCOTT NEARING. The same. $1.50.

Reviewed by GRAHAM R. TAYLOR

PASSING by the Russia we read most about—Moscow, Leningrad, the activities and policies of the Soviet leaders—Mr. Hindus narrows his attention to one village of a hundred and fifty families in central Russia, "about half a day's journey from the railroad, when the road is dry." But in so doing he has given us the most broadly revealing book about contemporary Russia that has appeared in the current year. For he brings us face to face with the everyday life of the muzhik. We meet Anton and Pavel and Vassil, representative of Russia's hundred million folk, and hear what they say—in their own words; we listen to the talk at a peasant fair, go off with a group of young people for a night in the open around a bonfire in the distant communal pasture, visit the local officials, talk with the village priest, hear a peasant assemblage discussing the high price of kerosene and horses, grumbling about taxes and comparing today with the old times.

This living picture of the real Russia could scarcely have been given us by any author not himself familiar with the language and ways of the people into the midst of whom he dropped; and much of its vividness is due to the fact that this was an expedition back to the village of his birth and boyhood. Mr. Hindus wanted to know how his old home, his old friends and playmates, had survived the onslaught of war, revolution, and plague. He wanted to know "what the muzhik thought of the Revolution, the Bolsheviks, the Soviets, and the entire new social structure that had sprung into being before his eyes," and "how the Revolution had etched itself on his heart and mind." And so the book, as Glenn Frank says in his introduction, "comes nearer to dealing with the real raw materials of Russia's future than nine-tenths of the whole output of current writing on Russian affairs."

* * *

In contrast with the atmosphere of strain and terror in the larger cities, among people of former rank, riches, and influence—whose experiences during the Revolution have justified their fear even to whisper their real thoughts—one of the most striking things about the peasants, as Mr. Hindus met them, is the frankness and vigor of their talk. Even the chance acquaintances on the train voiced their grievances without hesitation. And in the village the once inarticulate muzhik aired his views with a candor and vehemence that emphatically explains why the proletarian dictators in Moscow are so deeply concerned with the needs of the peasant.

Red tape, high taxes, bungling incompetence of local officials, arbitrary decisions, and brutality all figured in the villagers' complaints, always rooted in the problems of their every-day life—the handling of the supply of fire wood, the management of a swamp, a question of moving a school house, the government's taking back the estate of the Polish landlord after the peasants had expropriated and distributed the land. The relations between peasants and the manager sent by the government to conduct a model farm upon the old estate are graphically described. They called him the "Red Landlord," declared they preferred the Polish landlord to the new "tyrant," and listed item after item in their bill of complaint. Mr. Hindus proved himself an equally sympathetic listener to the farm manager's side of the story—how the peasants, despite frequent warning, had let their stock trample the scientifically nurtured crops; how they had stolen the timbers of a wooden bridge for firewood and ruthlessly cut down the whole of a beautiful birch forest and left the country bare, and had ventured their revolutionary fury in the wanton destruction of the estate chapel. One appreciates his difficulties in trying to introduce scientific agriculture in the face of pig-headedness and misunderstanding.

With similarly faithful impartiality are reported the views of communist and non-communist in the village councils, of irreverent youth and shocked older generation, of newly arisen scoffer and village priest. Disturbing some of it is, particularly the communist inculcation of class hate—"real revolutionaries cannot afford to be ceremonious or senti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mental about their foes"—against the pathetic individuals, themselves not responsible for the old régime, whose lives have been shattered. But in all the ferment one finds healthy signs, the stirring of new and vigorous life. What it all leads to Mr. Hindus does not venture to predict. He cannot, however, see the peasant, "a tight fisted, self-centered individualist," accepting "a communist society such as the Bolsheviks seek to build . . . Whatever the future form of the Russian state and Russian society the . . . Revolution is assiduously battering away at the peasant's old world, is loosening the mediæval fastnesses that have so long held him captive."

For anyone who is sick of propaganda and who sincerely wants to find out what the peasant, the real Russia, is thinking about, what his hopes are, how the government affects his daily existence, and how he is beginning the struggle to develop a new national life, this book opens the door of understanding. It has the vividness of word and phrase, and the unlabored literary expression that so frequently characterizes what is written from close contact with life itself. It is "a document of a simple people in the travail of a great agony and a great ecstasy."

In contrast with this close-up of Russian life, by one who speaks the language and is on familiar ground, Mr. Nearing's book on "Education in Soviet Russia" is frankly a collection of notes and "pen-pictures" rather than a thorough study which the brevity of his visit did not permit. In the two months at his disposal, however, Mr. Nearing managed to obtain a great deal of information. He sets forth the scheme of educational administration throughout the country, the types of schools, colleges, and universities, the curricula, and the relationship between pupils and teachers; and he adds concreteness and interest by weaving in descriptions of visits to schools and conversations with teachers and pupils. His 150 pages provide about the only attempt in English to give a comprehensive description of the aims, methods, and organization of the educational system which has developed since the Revolution.

The close ties between the schools and industrial life will interest those who have seen the need for similar relationship here, and he points out that the very poverty of the universities has led them to utilize laboratory facilities in the actual industries instead of duplicating costly equipment. The project method is extensively applied in elementary education, and anyone who thinks of Russia as benightedly isolated will be amazed to learn that the Dalton plan is prevalently known and used, that the names of Dewey, Thorndike, and other American educators are familiar to Russian school people, and that such publications as those of the Harvard Business Service, the Babson Statistical Service, and the Bulletins of the U. S. Federal Reserve Board are to be found in the library of the Institute of World Economics and Politics, founded by the Communist Academy.

The early and crude effort to take factory workers into institutions of higher education for which they were utterly unprepared is now seen fitting, as one phase of adult education, into the general educational scheme.

In view of the considerable testimony as to the use of the schools for communist propaganda and the instilling of hatred against the bourgeoisie, and as to the "cleansing" of universities of their non-proletarian students, one could wish that more attention had been given to these phases of the subject. Discrimination was frankly defended by a vice-commissar of public instruction who is quoted as saying: "Foreign newspapers blame the Soviet authorities because they keep the bourgeoisie out of the schools. The children of the bourgeoisie are going to these schools in order to acquire the knowledge that will enable them to overthrow the peasants' and workers' government. Why should we train our enemies?"

Mr. Nearing gives a sympathetic, in the main an enthusiastic, account of Soviet education; and those who are familiar with his whole-hearted espousal of the Soviet experiment will perhaps be surprised to learn that he did not find an "educational paradise." "Quite the reverse. But he sees in the struggle to secure educational results a "fascinating drama" and predicts that it will also be a "fruitful source of educational knowledge and progress." The information that he presents seems to warrant his statement and one is glad to join with him in the wish that trained educators from America may visit Russia increasingly and bring us more first-hand reports on the aims and methods of the Soviet schools.

Plastic Values

THE ART IN PAINTING. By ALBERT C. BARNES. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by ALFRED H. BARR, JR.
Princeton University

THIS is an important book because it presents a systematic and confident statement of what is central in the "modern" attitude toward painting. Its five hundred pages are the expression of an energetic critic, of an experimenter in the education of art-appreciation, and of the owner of the finest collection of modern paintings in America.

The word "plastic" is the battle-cry of Mr. Barnes's challenging dialectic. "The things that a painter can work into various forms are line, color, and space: these are the plastic means." "The study of a painting consists in nothing more than the determination of how successfully the artist has integrated the plastic means to create a form which is powerful and expressive of his personality." "Relevant judgment or criticism of a picture involve the ability to abstract from the appeal of subject matter and consider only the plastic means in their adequacy as constituents of plastic form." Banishment of subject-matter is recommended so that one may consider a painting "only in terms of color, line, mass, space, plastic form." It is symptomatic that Mr. Barnes himself has succeeded in disinfecting himself of any spurious interests "so that of the hundreds of paintings upon detailed analysis of which this book is based scarcely a score are known to the author in terms of their subject matter." He condemns "the painter who habitually accentuates those human values, religious, sentimental, dramatic, in terms not purely plastic. Raphael sins grievously in this respect and so do Fra Angelico, Mantegna, Luini, Murillo, Turner, Delacroix, and Millet; and for that reason they are all second or third rate painters."

* * *

Mr. Barnes will find many, especially among those whom Aldous Huxley terms "the absurd young," who are more or less in sympathy with his position. Among them is the reviewer who has frequently found himself engaged in a long analysis of a painting without the slightest consciousness of subject matter until some philistine undergraduate brings the discussion to earth by asking why the madonna has such a funny chin. The undergraduate's impatience is pardonable. His æsthetic illiteracy is shared by all but a few of those who find pictures interesting. Subject-matter has always been of predominant importance to the majority of cultivated people; most of the minority turn their attention to technique or archæology. Only a few are deeply interested in plastic values. Nor has this few up till our own time included many influential critics. Aristotle, Lucian, Vasari, Diderot, Taine, and Ruskin, have all helped the public to lose themselves in what Mr. Barnes would term with much good reason irrelevancies. But even if it were possible, would it be wise to emphasize plastic values to the exclusion of subject matter, historical and biographical backgrounds, archæological problems, stylistic differentiation, literary association, and all the ancillary baggage which is customarily presented in a book on painting or in a college art course? So far as education is concerned, some carefully devised compromise is the obvious solution. But extreme as it may appear, Mr. Barnes's position is temporarily very powerful. If by the literary canons of the last century he seems to over-emphasize the rhetoric of painting, by the canons of music he is merely revealing essentials. In the light of history and experience neither fashion is final, though at present the latter is crescent.

* * *

After presenting this philosophy of plastic criticism, Mr. Barnes applies it to the history of painting and to the analyses of several hundred pictures. The historical errors are too frequent to catalogue. They may mislead the tyro but they will trouble only the pedant. Mr. Barnes is almost ostentatiously interested, not in facts, but values. One must indicate, however, one false generalization which has become a commonplace among the enthusiastic but ill-informed partisans of modern art. We read that "anarchy, falsity, charlatanism, and ugliness are the stock terms of abuse applied to every great artist by his own generation." The increasing eccentricity of the artist has made this true during the last hundred years, but before 1800 very few artists of the first order were discouraged by philistine rancor. Even El Greco, that archetype of distortion, was looked upon by his contemporaries as one of the foremost painters in Spain.

The plastic means of the great Masters are dissected diligently and often with a considerable originality. Giotto's youthful works at Assisi are found to possess "a monumental knockout power" lacking in the more mature work at Padua. Uccello, Piero della Francesca, El Greco, Daumier receive a fashionable and well-merited emphasis, but it is difficult to accept the elevation of the monotonous Hobbema above Seghers, Ruysdael, and Cuyp, or to discover in Cosimo Roselli a neglected master of composition. And it is curious that Mr. Barnes finds little more than "a very great ability to use paint" in Vermeer whose composition so remarkably anticipates the intimate effects of Degas, Bonnard, and Matisse.

* * *

Modern painting is handled more convincingly and sometimes brilliantly. The plastic developments of Renoir and Cézanne are very thoroughly analyzed by the man whose Renoirs and Cézannes should be the envy of every museum in the country—especially the Metropolitan. It is refreshing to find no reference to vorticism, futurism, synchromism, and the other ephemeral teapot tempests which though long dead are still made to resound in academic kitchens. Nor is pure cubism taken seriously, "for the idea of abstract form divorced from a clue however vague, of its representative equivalent in the real world is sheer nonsense." It is well observed that the "metaphysical abstract" which misled Picasso may be of less permanent influence than Matisse's "utilization of the situations of every day life." There is further excellent criticism of Picasso. Soutine, Modigliani, and Pascin whose names appear continually in conjunction with those of Michelangelo, Titian, Poussin, and Greco are made subordinate only to Matisse and Picasso in the contemporary hierarchy. Certainly Mr. Barnes is right in seeing in Pascin a great and very moving draughtsman. Soutine perhaps does not deserve such trumpeting.

Of this volume which is as ponderous as any textbook, by far the most entertaining portion is devoted to the castigation of Mr. Barnes's less "plastic" contemporaries who are arraigned under the chapter "Academic Art Criticism." One may quote with tuckets the *bon mot* on Elie Faure's four volume work on the history of art which "might with propriety be entitled a historical romance in which painters and paintings are extensively mentioned." The most elaborate drubbing is reserved for Bernard Berenson "who has aided materially in the identification of the works of some early Italian painters by means of investigations that are primarily and fundamentally akin to those of handwriting experts," but those æsthetics "embody most of the characteristics of academicism and irrelevant sentimentalism."

* * *

Mr. Barnes's position is epitomized by a page where side by side are reproduced an Entombment by Titian and a still-life by Cézanne. Below we read: "The design in these two paintings is very similar, showing irrelevancy of subject matter to plastic value." But what price plastic value! Do we, after all, profit largely by reducing Titian's noble tragedy to the terms of apples upon a crinkly napkin? Mr. Barnes will yet drive us to re-reading Ruskin, and to the tearful contemplation of those "positively saintlike" animals of Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II. No. 52.
Copyright, 1926, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hunting Field

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON: HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Edited with commentary by E. D. CUMMING. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $12.50.

THOUGHTS ON HUNTING AND OTHER MATTERS. By ROBERT SMITH SURTEES and JOHN JORROCKS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $7.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED STODDART

MR. E. D. CUMMING, himself a writer of distinction on sport and travel, recently rendered a signal service to sporting literature by rescuing from oblivion the unfinished memoirs of Robert Smith Surtees, the sporting novelist, and now the autobiography of "Squire" Osbaldeston—a work long thought to be in existence but never given to the public—has been unearthed by him to become, in its sumptuously issued form, with its charming introduction by Sir Theodore Cook, Editor of the *Field*, perhaps the most notable contribution to the literature of sport published during the present century.

George Osbaldeston loomed large as a figure in the sporting activities of England during that golden age of the English country gentleman, the first half of the nineteenth century. There are not lacking critics who declare that the Anglo-Saxon race has lost much of its virility since the days of "Squire" Osbaldeston, reckless Jack Mytton, Captain Barclay of Ury, and other sportsmen of their age. They did not, it is true, stand for ultra refinement or culture. Their morals—though I should not group them so carelessly—were crude as compared with our standards. But physically they were capable of achievements which stagger our imaginations. To mention "Squire" Osbaldeston's famous ride of two hundred miles in eight hours and forty-two minutes is to recall only one of his numerous feats of endurance. Osbaldeston, who never could resist an opportunity for a match or wager of any kind had backed himself to the extent of a thousand guineas to ride the distance mentioned in less than ten hours. A number of different horses were used, each being ridden four miles at a beat. Some of them were used several times—one of them Tranby, afterward imported into the United States, was ridden four times. The time of the four-mile beats ranged between 8 and 12 minutes. Some of the horses used were hacks and hunters owned by Osbaldeston himself, but in order to make better time he hired or borrowed a number of race horses. This celebrated match took place at Newmarket on November 5, 1831. There are many other instances of "Squire" Osbaldeston's endurance mentioned in the book.

Osbaldeston, who was described by his contemporaries as "the best sportsman of any age or country," was in many respects a superman. Although he achieved most of his fame as a Master of Hounds, there were few branches of sport in which he did not excel. At cricket, rowing, billiards, and tennis, he was among the best. He was a good boxer and was in demand as a referee for prize fights, in which capacity he frequently acted. He was a famous shot, either with live pigeons or wild game, and his book recounts not a few of his remarkable exploits in this connection. His fame as an owner of race horses still lives and he frequently rode himself on the flat as well as in steeplechases.

It is doubtful whether any other character in sport has been more frequently mentioned in the literature of the hunting field which achieved its apotheosis during his lifetime than "the old Squire"—"Nimrod," Surtees, "The Druid," all touch upon him in their writings—the classics of sport. It would be a great mistake, however, to regard "Squire" Osbaldeston's autobiography from too narrow a point of view. In writing it he provided a volume which will always be found in the future in every sportsman's book-shelf, but he also projected a frank and intimate study of a certain phase of life which existed a century ago under conditions which can never be the same.

E. D. Cummings's explanatory notes on the autobiography, together with much supplementary matter collected by him, round out the volume and add greatly to its value. The illustrations, chiefly reproductions of paintings and old prints by Ben Marshall, Ferneley, Henry Alken, and others, many of them colored, lent charm and interest. "Squire" Osbaldeston himself appears in most of them. Others are of collateral interest. The special note on the pictures reproduced, written by Sir Theodore Cook, constitutes a real contribution to our somewhat limited knowledge of sporting art.

One cannot, however, wax too enthusiastic over the other product of Mr. Cumming's research under consideration, "Mr. Jorrocks' Thoughts on Hunting." The name of Jorrocks is sufficient to attract every sportsman, and the novel in which John Jorrocks, the sporting grocer of Great Coram Street figures as the principal character, "Handley Cross," will endure as long as the love of sport lives in the Anglo-Saxon heart. The character of Jorrocks was not created especially for that novel. When Robert Smith Surtees became the editor of the *New Sporting Magazine* he contributed to it under various pseudonyms, among them "Nim South," "The Yorkshireman," and "John Jorrocks." As Surtees confesses in his Memoirs, the creation of the vulgar but kindly and sportloving grocer as a character was the most fortunate stroke his pen ever achieved. Some of the sketches published in the magazine were reproduced in book form under the title of "Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities" and this work became exceedingly popular. It was, in fact, due to the success of this book, that Dickens owed his commission to write a story which finally assumed the shape and complexion of the beloved "Mr. Pickwick."

Jorrocks was later to become the hero of "Handley Cross" and under Surtees's skilful and subtle pen to develop into the outstanding figure of mirth and sportsmanship that we know so well. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Cumming has done his creator justice by reprinting from the pages of the *New Sporting Magazine* the desultory sketches with which the present volume is eked out. Surtees, although he preferred to be known as a country gentleman rather than an author, was by no means lacking in judgment even where his own work was concerned. Had he thought these sketches worthy of reproduction in book form he would doubtless have taken advantage of his opportunity when "Jorrocks' Jaunts" achieved success. Moreover, the Jorrocks of this recently compiled volume, is a pale reflection of the Jorrocks of "Handley Cross." It is easy to see that these sketches were written before Surtees had fully developed the character in his own mind. Surtees's books in the original editions, with their lovely hand-colored illustrations by John Leech, are collected, not only by sportsmen, but by lovers of colored plates. This will make one more volume to be considered in this connection, for in spite of the slightness of its matter, the splendid colored illustrations, by George Denholm Armour, add no little charm to the volume.

The Poet's Apologies

POETIC VALUES. By JOHN G. NEIHARDT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by FRANK LUTHER MOTT
Editor, *The Midland*

THIS is the most valuable discussion of poetic theory published in recent years. I have read and reread it, and find my enthusiasm growing at such a rate that I feel the necessity of throwing on the emergency brake when I come to write a review of it—an experience that comes all too rarely in the work of a reviewer. Well rooted in æsthetics and in psychology both ancient and modern, Mr. Neihardt's little book affords a satisfying intellectual justification for an appreciation of poetry which has persisted in many of us despite the contemporary grocer and biologist and others who embarrass us by styling themselves "practical." An alternative title for Mr. Neihardt's book might be "The Poet's Apologia,"—the word poet to apply, of course, to both the reader and the writer of poetry.

The thesis of "Poetic Values" is based upon a realization of the inadequacy of the point of view of science.

> Science would be wholly objective in its methods. But, our Brahmin friend would ask at this point, could it be objective, since consciousness was only a condition of matter? That is to say, the thing examined was itself the examiner—a state of affairs with which one could scarcely associate the word objective. With virtually little more knowledge of consciousness than the fact of its existence, science accepted it as a dependable means of knowing reality through five senses the mechanism of which it does not yet understand—for the process by which sense perception becomes idea is still a mystery.

Working with the well-established fact of expanding consciousness as elaborated by F. W. H. Myers, later by James, and more recently to another purpose by Freud, Jung, and many others, Mr. Neihardt shows that the state of consciousness from which the poet observes the world has quite as much validity as that so-called normal point of view demanded by the scientist.

There is, of course, nothing new in a defense of a spiritual point of view as against that of science: that has been a chief business of both religionists and spokesmen for the arts for time out of mind. But the achievement of "Poetic Values" is its correlation of the older defense-of-poetry theories with the new psychology. It points out "the direction in which a greatly extended objectivity may be sought—a synthetic realism, comprehending in an unbroken scale both the values that are essential to animal existence and the values without which there can be no humanity, and no genuine civilization." This, after all, "is merely an extended realism, based upon the conception of an ascending scale of consciousness." And it is upon these upper planes that the poet works. "It is in this swift and ecstatic widening of conscious regard that the poem is conceived; and the substance of it is concerned with the larger relations that are thus revealed."

It is difficult in these detached quotations to do justice to the convincing strength of the essay; the argument, however, is both cogent and stimulating.

The poets themselves do not need such a book as this, though it will interest them; it is rather the occasional reader of poetry, the casual admirer of paintings, and the radio musician who need to have their faith more definitely fixed by a realization of the validity of the artist's vision. "Probably very few people are as sense-bound as they seem to others or deem themselves to be," thinks Mr. Neihardt. It is to be hoped that this book will be discovered and studied by "average readers" as well as by students of the arts. Place should be made for it in college courses in poetic theory. Its two parts, indeed, were originally two lectures given before students of the University of Nebraska.

Making Illness Attractive

PEDIATRICS OF THE PAST; AN ANTHOLOGY. Compiled and edited by JOHN RUHRAH, M.D. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. STREETER, M.D.
Journal of Medical History

THROUGH the labors of Garrison, Sudhoff, Bokay, and others the recent accessions in the line of pediatric history have been many. None, however, of these volumes will regale the ordinary reader as will Dr. Ruhrah's Olympian tome. As always, it advantages the author much that he is a long-practiced specialist in the branch of medicine he reviews as a historian; he has developed an unerring sense of what is significant in past effort, whereas another might only see the thing as "eddying at large in blind uncertainty." Keen humor, a strong tincture of old letters, a boundless curiosity, pervades these pages. Ruhrah has made fascinating, and even charming, "the dreadful bellyaches of infants in arms, their forbidding spasms and bellowings, their gruesome and often losing struggles with worms, the occult mysteries of their feeding" (to quote H. L. Mencken).

We must felicitate the worthies of pediatric literature for shunning acquaintance with the syllogism, that vicious playfellow of all "parfit practisoures" of general medicine. Whether these Babe Ruths wrote in Latin or the vernacular, they were always explicit, clear, definite at every point. Their words were directed to the unlearned parents of children, unskilled in such things as *obliquos dialecticae gyros*. It is apparent that these men counted upon a large unlettered proletarian following. Even Roelans, whose look is furtively backward, who crams his text with citations from the ancients, expresses the hope that his matter will prove "pleasing to public utility." Obviously the work did please, for only two complete copies of the first printing of his little book have survived the terrible tear and wear of service. Of Phaer's "Regiment," which includes his precious "booke of speciall remedies experimentel for all diseases, griefes, impediments, and defects often happening in young children," no copy of the first issue is extant—and only one copy of the edition of 1544 remains. The conservation, in a source book and anthology, of material thus dangerously menaced with oblivion, is indeed an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

event we must welcome. Thanks to Dr. Ruhrah no more diminutions of substance threaten this quaint quarter of the past.

Apart from the basic value of a mass of textual matter literally rescued from destruction, we find in this chrestomathy or collection of choice passages, much that is as sound today as when it was written. Sound observation, sympathetic understanding is the unvarying characteristic. No precisian flummeries, no perverse theorizations clutter the thought of these ministers to stricken little angels. Thrice-blessed mercy supported by common-sense is the native mark set upon all pediatric writings. In fact it is in this speciality above all others that the physician first began to put himself in proper, simple, august relationship with the suffering patient.

Ruhrah covers his entire field from Hippocrates to the Heberdens (misprinted, by the way, "Herberdens" on the last 18 page-titles). He slights the ancients somewhat, but becomes ample and flowing from the appearance of the pediatric incunabula on. Several sections, as those devoted to Phaer and Glisson, are notably searching and exhaustive in treatment. Some have already appeared in the *Annals of Medical History*. The illustrations, mainly portraits and title-pages, add much to the book's value. (The legend under the cut on page 276, by the way, appears to bear the wrong attribution.) To each section are added the essential bio-bibliographical details as to author and his work, together with an evaluation of the latter. Ruhrah whimsically tilts at his professional coevals, again and again asserting that the present practice is *au fond* little improvement on the past. An illuminating foreword by Dr. Garrison, the ablest of American medical historians, to whom the volume is dedicated, stands as an introductory treat before this magisterial survey. The work contains at the end a reprint of Meissner's bibliography of pediatrical literature plus fourteen pages of additional items compiled by Dr. Ruhrah.

Father Brown Again

THE INCREDULITY OF FATHER BROWN. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926. $2.

THE *persistence* of Father Brown seems to indicate annual reappearances after the manner of the more famous Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Chesterton has indeed christened his first story in this third book of the exploits of his mystery-solving Catholic priest "The Resurrection of Father Brown." Snaith, the newspaper man from Kansas City, started the whole trouble. He really wanted Father Brown to disappear over a cliff—or something—"in the manner of Doctor Watson's hero" and for the purposes of world-wide publicity. Father Brown was at the time "something between a missionary and a parish priest," in a section of the northern coast of South America. And he had enemies, both in the leader of the iconoclastic party and in the leader of the more conservative side in one of those eternal factional disputes common to South America. It was to the interests of all that Father Brown should die and be resurrected, and thereby achieve a miracle which could afterward be pronounced spurious. Of course, Father Brown foiled them all, simply by possessing both common-sense and common integrity. A better type of American is introduced into the story, who pays him extravagant tribute.

There are other miracles in this book that are not, in fact, miracles. There is, for instance, "The Miracle of Moon Crescent," where laymen are shown as far more credulous and superstitious than one clear-thinking cleric with a knowledge of men and motives.

"But I thought you believed in miracles," cries one of the laymen. "Yes," answers Father Brown, "I believe in miracles. I believe in man-eating tigers, but I don't see them running about everywhere. If I want any miracles, I know where to get them."

And as well as refusing to be turned aside by red herrings of superstitious theory drawn across the trail of wholly human criminals, Father Brown is proved to have known something of animals,—of the way dogs act and why, for instance, in "The Oracle of the Dog."

Likewise "The Doom of the Darnaways" has no terrors for him, nor the black and white magic in "The Dagger with Wings," save as the wickedness in the heart of man is terrible or as monomania is a terrible thing. For Father Brown is shown throughout, as has been the case heretofore, as an undistinguished individual of simple and rooted faith who solves the apparently monstrous and strange with the common sense that is uncommon.

His exploits make good reading, because his author has true inventiveness, an ability to make the preposterous seem plausible, and a mastery of tricks of story-construction that can often "spring" the unexpected climax.

These tales are highly-colored, dramatic, and in all of them the characters approach fantastic beings, as do the characters in all of Chesterton's fiction. But that does not make them less entertaining. One is intended to reach the conclusion that Father Brown is almost the only truly rational person in an aggregation of demented mystics and maniacal rationalists. But the circumstances under which he operates could only have been conceived by a Chesterton in the first place.

We shall continue to read with indulgence of Father Brown so often as he reappears, for we are fond of the dramatically fantastic, and Chesterton's pen has certainly not lost its cunning.

As a minor stricture, why is it that no Englishman, however cultivated, can ever reproduce American speech correctly? The phrasing and accent of New England are forever jumbled with that of the South and the Middle West. And to cite one instance only, out of many, Americans never speak of "flats" but of "apartments," and never, by any stretch of the imagination, would refer to an apartment-house as an hotel.

A New Mr. Curwood

THE BLACK HUNTER. A Novel of Old Quebec. By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. CURWOOD refutes one of the charges frequently made against romancers who achieve popular success on his level; the charge that they are too timid to venture from the field—Wild Western fiction, or Southwestern, or Canadian—with which they are commercially identified. After writing fully a dozen novels dealing with what he calls "the Canadian Northlands" of today, Mr. Curwood turns to eighteenth century history. He has projected a series of romances dealing with the Anglo-American and French pioneer, and the first has its setting in the New France of 1754-55. To the study of his materials and the planning of his narratives Mr. Curwood has given —he says—ten years' labor. "Foot by foot the hallowed ground has been travelled; letters written by hands dead these hundred and fifty years have been read, their spirit people brought to life again; the ancient stones of ruins that once rang with laughter and song and tragic happenings have been made to talk." And, it might be added, careful attention has been given to the pages of Parkman.

The initial result is a spirited story, which will profit lovers of Curwood a great deal more than his stories of Canadian wilds; for it does offer an accurate and informing picture of French-America at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, when it was the prey of such official jackals as the notorious Intendant, Bigot, and the crafty Governor-General, De Vaudreuil. Mr. Curwood has been remarkably careful about all his historical detail. The story itself has the characteristic Curwood ingredients—a rapid and essentially simple action, a wealth of incident and adventure, and an idyllic love element. There are base villains, noble heroes, splendid women, duels, massacres, hand-to-hand battles with Indians, terrible contests with nature at its fiercest, and all the rest. Adroit use is made of the contrast between the virtuous life of the frontier, hardy, pure, and generous, and the base and corrupt life of the official circles in Quebec, with their bribery, contract-steals, *amours*, frivolity, and treachery. Most of the frontier characters are invented. The French officials and their hangers-on are taken straight from history, and the sketches of even the lesser scoundrels of that period—De Pean, Nicolet, Talen, and the others—are clear and graphic.

The book, in short, is somewhere between the former Mr. Curwood and Sir Gilbert Parker and has enough of Mr. Curwood in it to sell at a rate which Sir Gilbert never dreamed of attaining. The author is skilled in maintaining his suspense. David Rock and Anne St. Denis plight their troth in the opening pages, but many obstacles threaten to prevent their final union—the trials of war, jealousies and misunderstandings, and the crafty schemes of Bigot, who wants Anne himself. Equal skill is shown in managing the "big scenes." One is David braving instant death by throwing into an icy pool some officers who had sneered at Anne; another is David whipped through the streets of Quebec as a traitor under a false charge brought against him by Bigot; a third is David saving Anne from an Indian attack by accomplishing such a slaughter of savages, in knife-to-knife combat, as is seldom met with outside the gory closing pages of Rider Haggard. Over these scenes, and over such episodes as Anne's passionate hurt when she sees David being kissed, much against his will, by another French girl, true Curwood fans will hang with delight. In the end all turns out happily. Bigot is humiliated and punished, and David and Anne clasp hands against the murky background of the French and Indian War, now in full tide. Perahps the next volume will tell the reader more about the events of this struggle. Meanwhile, "The Black Hunter" is equally good for the summer hammock and the movie studio.

The Jazz Era

SOUNDING BRASS. By ETHEL MANNIN. New York: Duffield & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THIS is the fourth book that Miss Mannin (Mrs. J. A. Porteous) has published since 1923, and the days of this author are but twenty-six years. Of the remarkable crop of young women novelists harvested in England since the war she is therefore one of the youngest and most prolific.

Her latest story has to do with the rise of Jim—later James—Rickard, founder of Premier Publicity, Ltd., the only advertising service in London to guarantee success. Jim discovered very early in life that only money and power really mattered, and in the course of his metamorphosis from a wizened, undersized rat of a boy to a pompous, blatantly successful business man, he was unhampered by any prejudicial regard for the good, the true, and the beautiful. Incidentally, his career exploits the humbuggery involved in the advertising game, and he acquires fortune and notoriety, never doubting but that the pure ideals of Service to the Public in the interests of British Trade are the highest, as well as the most remunerative, standard available. One of the best chapters in the book is devoted to a party in Chelsea during which Rickard, usually so glibly voluble at business dinners where "real celebrities" are present—"not just writers and poets and the like"—sits stiffly in outer darkness, disconcerted by his lack of small talk but stolidly unable to find anything gay or amusing in the epigrams tossed over his head.

Miss Mannin's connections with the technique of publicity under Sir Charles Higham have stood her in such good stead that she prefaces her novel with a note stating that all her characters are fictitious. Certainly several of them are convincing enough to merit this somewhat suggestive explanation. But her satire is not entirely directed against her aggressive little advertising expert and his conception of the value of publicity. The underlying theme of the book, taken from "Partners Again," is put in the form of a question: "You spend all your life trying to get somewhere, and then when you get there, where are you?" In the process of answering that question and of following Rickard's amorous adventures from the time when he considered "the woman game" much overrated to the day when a gaudy *liaison* almost wrecked his properous existence, the novel scrutinizes various other slogans and standards of the jazz era.

As a criticism of the age, however, it must not be taken too seriously. Convictions and sincerity are here, but Miss Mannin is after all a placer-miner: the superficial detritus has been washed for gold, a number of bright little nuggets glitter in the pan, but the deeper veins lying below the surface remain unexplored. Nor is her style, for all that pertinent epigrams grow like mushrooms on occasions, free from undistinguished journalese. Her book is nevertheless a clever piece of work and may be unreservedly recommended to the not too exigent reader: its theme is timely, several of its characters are adequately realized and others crisply caricatured, its satire is often brilliant and always deserved—on the whole, a smart, hard young novel, sprightly and surprisingly canny.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out of the Usual

THE MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOR some years Agatha Christie has been an adequate practitioner of the detective story. Her "The Murder on the Links" seemed to us distinctly above the average. Later we read "The Secret Adversary," "The Secret of Chimneys," and "Poirot Investigates." But up to the present work, which is her seventh, "The Murder on the Links" remained for us her best tale. Still, her name to a mystery novel meant more than usually interesting craftsmanship, even though today detective fiction numbers its practitioners by dozens. We have ceased, indeed, to be able to keep up with the voluminous J. S. Fletcher and our interest even in R. Austin Freeman has somewhat flagged. A. E. W. Mason's "The House of the Arrow" and Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Red Lamp" were excellent. The late Isabel Ostrander did some rattling things in her day. But if one is a detective-story devotee one is always an Oliver Twist, and the belief persisted that this Agatha Christie was worth watching. In "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" we believe our faith to be fully justified.

To us at least "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" really turns a new trick in detective fiction, surely a difficult enough achievement "with the competition so strong." Most writers of detective stories develop their own special detectives, following the lead of the famous. Agatha Christie's pet detective is Hercule Poirot, a Frenchman. She has cherished him and his exploits through other tales. No, he did not disappear from a cliff finally, to necessitate perpetual resurrection! But in this her seventh book he has retired from "active practice." Nevertheless from such retirement springs his greatest achievement—and hers.

Not that any "Sherlock Holmes" glamour surrounding the figure of Hercule Poirot makes her present story as good as it is. Poirot is merely one factor in a tale so ingeniously constructed, so dextrously plotted as to warrant our complete admiration. It is unfortunate for us that we may not indicate here the most original element in Miss Christie's planning of the story. But that would be treachery to the author, and the reader has no right to be too well informed in advance. No real devotee of mystery stories would, for instance, commit the treachery of reading the end of a book first to discover how it is all to "come out." That would be half-witted, destroying his whole pleasure of anticipation.

Suffice it to say that Miss Christie's dedication of the book is to one "who likes an orthodox detective story, murder, inquest, and suspicion falling on every one in turn!" So she set herself to write such an orthodox story, with the strange result that she has succeeded in producing one of the few notable for originality.

For those who prefer certain backgrounds to others for their mystery tales we may say that Miss Christie's are always English in setting. To those who hate "loose ends" we may remark that this author ties all her knots neatly and bites off the thread. Her characterization is sharp in outline, her motivation is sound, complications of the plot never "get away from her." Everything in the puzzle falls neatly into place, and the complete picture leaves upon us an ineradicable impression. There are no inexplicable and glozed-over details. It is all an almost mathematical demonstration so far as the fundamental brainwork goes. Yet that it is no mere clever intellectual exercise, witness the fact that the reader is left with the strongest emotions of pity and wonder over the disastrous coil the weak and erring weave. There are indications, in fact, of an even deeper psychological insight than can be actively exercised in a book of this kind. For a detective story must move. The author cannot pause to philosophize. But one is rather closer in touch, in this tale, with the mad logic of actual criminality, with the criminal as a mainly average human being with one tragic twist, than is at all usual.

We do not overpraise this story, we believe, when we say that it should go on the shelf with the books of first rank in its field. The detective story pure and simple has as definite limitations of form as the sonnet in poetry. Within these limitations, with admirable structural art, Miss Christie has genuinely achieved.

The Bowling Green

During the absence of Mr. Morley in Europe general contributions will be run in his column.

Peacock Seas

(*Etched in Bermuda*)

SUMMER'S ISLE

THE cloud-crenated sky's deep-tilted bowl
Pours the ceaseless sea
In endless libation on your ribboned beach.
Out of the shore,
Flushed faintly by the kiss of lipping waves,
Stitched to the cliffs with sleek sequins of bay leaves,
Firm muscled rocks hint the pride of your strength.

Guarded by reefs crouching like Cerberus,
To leap unsuspected at the keel of a foe,
You hide your might in a lonely sea;
Cover your power with shell-tinted bloom;
Shawl your strength with magenta and red,
Quietly, watchfully, laved by the years.

There were men who knew the might of your haven,
Men whose brawn twinned the power of your rocks,
Privateers who knotted your strength with their own.
Settling at last to be lulled by the sea,
Drumming ceaseless lure on your taut-ribbed shore,
They fathered a race
Who yawn over lily fields.

—GLORIA GODDARD.

MIDOCEAN

"THERE'S a little left over," God said,
"Now that Eden's done. . . .
Slopes of whirled cedar and fountains of sago;
Showers of bougainvillea and mangrove thickeys,
With crabs scuttling scarlet legs along them;
Cactus vined to moony splendor and treed like altar candelabra,
Dusty sage, hibiscus flame, and pawpaw poles—
A mad riot of hill and plain and tropic jungle:
Where shall I place these?

"Not where Thames swirls to the Channel, roofed with trickling fog;
Not where the Seine sparkles,
Or the Hudson lisps under battlements older than Rhineholds;
Not in the lush far meadows of my Himalayas,
Nor to oasis my golden Sahara;
Not where the kangaroo thumps along,
Or the alpaca shawls against the cold. . . .

"But midway of ocean, in a shivered atoll crescent,
Blossoming out of endless miles of spraying green,
Here I will toss this dazzling splinter of Eden,
Fringed with peacock seas,
As a kindly perch and a resting place
For my feathered children,
As they shuttle from spring to spring
Over endless waters."

—CLEMENT WOOD.

SIRENS

FROM the still depths of the ocean
They swam through slow eternities
To rise at last and lie in the sun
Cradled by opal seas.

Firm breasts like waves forever hushed,
Hair tossing like spray caught wooing the sun,
Fringed with magenta, dripping with blood,
Insatiable crimson lips tippling the life of the sea,
Of men,
They lie in crystal brightness
Cradled by opal waves.

Under brilliant moons they stretch uxorious limbs,
Flushed by coral crushed in their grasp;
Twine their throats with Spanish bayonets' pearled tears;
Cool their lips at the frail chalice of transient cereus;
And dream in a cradle of opal seas.

Softly they call;
Harassed men come,
Sink between those opulent breasts,
Sink and dream,
Wooed from the corrupting tinkle of silver
To the bright wealth of sea and sky.

—GLORIA GODDARD.

QUESTIONNAIRE

AND God said,
"If I can thumb three tiny leaves together,
Dyed with three drops of magenta blood
From my heart's passion,
Jewelled with three creamy starry tears
From my dripping sword,
And make of these a bougainvillea starburst
To robe your trees with beauty,
Above your peacock seas,

"What have you done,
You who have bodies sleeker than bay leaves,
Paler than magnolia petals,
Taller than slim palms—
To blend together into laughing, leaping flowers
With wide white wings,
To comb back dishevelled strands of clouds?
What have you done—"

A sound of grunting,
Drowsy, indifferent, mired.

—CLEMENT WOOD.

Reader's Progress

(*Continued from page* 945)

thrill enjoyed when first he found his own fresh experience of the world set forth with enlightening comment. He has learned too much both of the world and of books. He has encountered too much trickery in both. A book is no longer an enchanter waving a wand, no longer—even though it be an inspired book—a superhuman oracle.

Yet what an eternally rich enjoyment still persists in the analyzing, comparing and searching of books! The rare phrase of gold, the rare ray of new light, the pulse of fresh imaginative power in a page idly turned, these are still rich rewards to the critical reader, nor altogether as rare as one might surmise.

The average reader, of course, remains for most of his life in the second stage of development, or else he would not be average. In a phase, life is more important to him than art. Books are still oracular. Certain manners of writing attract him more than others but he does not care more closely to study style. This is fortunate for many of our popular writers; but, on the other hand, we are far from advising the average reader that art *is* more important than life. Art is interpretation and adornment. The richer the life the more surely it will choose for itself those interpretations and adornments that most nearly merit the name of art, even though the value of its critical expression in regard to them remains unformed.

"A feature of the new novel by H. G. Wells—'The World of Mr. Clissold'—which is to be published in the autumn (the *Manchester Guardian* says in a recent issue) will be the introduction of a number of living personages under their own names. It will occupy three volumes, which are to appear successively. In his introduction to the book Wells says: 'It is a work of fiction, purely and completely. One thing which is something of an innovation has to be noted. A great number of real people are actually named in this story. It is, the author submits, impossible to get the full effect of contemporary life in which living ideas and movements play a dominant part without doing that. You cannot have a man like William Clissold going about the world of to-day and never meeting anybody one has ever heard of.

" 'Some of these living personages are not only mentioned but more or less described. But always under their proper names. Dr. Jung is made to talk in a London flat. It is very much as he talked in a London flat. He appears because certain original ideas of his have been taken and woven into the Clissold point of view, and it was at once ungracious not to acknowledge the far-reaching suggestions that came from him and clumsy and self-important to make a footnote or prefatory note. Shaw again, the Shaw of the eighties, blows into a Kensington evening and Keynes lunches with Clissold.' "

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

The Elusive Gypsy

THE GIPSY PATTERAN. Tales of the Real Gipsies in Spain, Russia, Hungary, Rumania, England, America. Edited by JOSEPH ELLNER. New York: Bernard G. Richards Co. 1926. $2.

GYPSY DOWN THE LANE. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. Boston. Small, Maynard and Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE Gypsies seem to be a standing refutation of Nietzsche's view that all mankind are actuated by a Will to Power. For five hundred years they have been familiar with Western civilization and yet have remained scornful of all its ideals, lawless and free, untouched by desire of wealth, neglectful of achievement, without religion, virtually without art. They have been willing to sacrifice everything else for the sake of freedom. Are they a race of philosophers or a race of incorrigible children? Less seems to be known about them than about any other existing people of equal importance. They have successfully eluded the prying anthropologist and ethnologist. As will be seen from the two titles above, we have not even been able to agree upon a standard spelling of their name—although it is to be hoped that the much more gypsyish-looking "gypsy" will in the long run prevail over its tamer rival. If the scientist can make little of them, however, the fiction-writer is always ready to make a great deal. Does he tell us anything of value concerning them?

"The Gipsy Patteran," appropriately bound in a bandana cover, contains, besides an interesting but too brief historical introduction by the editor, twelve stories from such noted pens, among others, as those of Gorki, Garshin, Jean Richepin (curiously misspelled Richepan), William Sharp, Pedro de Alarcon, and Cervantes. One who is merely looking for a collection of good short stories will be delighted with the volume, but one who, misled by the subtitle, expects to gain actual information about the Gypsies will be much disappointed. According to those who know, not one of these writers has succeeded in drawing a lifelike portrait of the Gypsy, although Alarcon and Cervantes come perhaps the nearest. One inexpert in Gypsy lore will still reach the same conclusion as the tales are palpably literary and unrealistic. If the question be asked, for instance, as to how the Gypsies of eastern Europe differ from those of the northern or southern portions, there is nothing here to suggest an answer. Gorki's "Makar Chudra" is interesting as an expression of Gorki, Richepin's "Gitanilla" as an expression of Richepin, William Sharp's Poe-like "Gipsy Christ" is a masterpiece of romantic story-telling, but out of the whole collection there are only two that smack of vital human character and truth—H. H. Malleson's rather slow story, "The Raiment of Captivity," and Paul Kester's excellent "My Lady of Egypt" from his little known "Tales of the Real Gypsy."

If we turn for vital human truth to Mr. Thames Williamson's "Gypsy Down the Lane" we are in no better case. Mr. Williamson is said to have lived with a band of Gypsies and even to have been arrested with them, but alas, community of suffering at the hands of the minions of the law is no sure passport to mutual understanding. Mr. Williamson's characters neither act nor talk like human beings but like just what they are—characters in a book. "Gypsy Down the Lane" will not materially add to the reputation achieved by "Run Sheep Run." It is the second volume in a series called "The American Panaorama" but the only part of the American Panorama that it reveals is the interesting but relatively small part constituted by Mr. Williamson himself. There is plenty of lyricism and poetry in its writing, with a genuine love of nature, a fine luxuriance in the out-of-doors that drenches the pages with sunlight, rain, and fog. Mr. Williamson and Nature make a fine combination. Meanwhile, however, the elusive Gypsy has once more escaped. Who will be the next to try to capture him?

A Premature Harvest

HARVEST OF YOUTH. By EDWARD DAVISON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.00.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MR. Davison is a personable if not a decidedly personal poet. He moves about his verse with suavity, taste, and technical facility. Faced with the modern world he is at ease, exhibiting neither outrage nor abandon; among the eternal verities he never loses his *savoir faire*. Mr. Davison has, in short, every property of the poet except the power to disturb. The only disturbing thing about his volume is the paper-jacket which encloses it. "It is lyric verse," thus the publisher's summary, "possessing singularly beautiful qualities usually absent from contemporary verse, and yet in no sense imitative or traditional." Both clauses are as far from the fact as any advertisement can be. Mr. Davison displays no particular quality which has not been bettered by dozens of his contemporaries, and the very poems which reveal him at his best are those in which the traditional note is—as Mr. Davison would be the first to agree—strongest. The lyric entitled "Happier Summer" is both typical and significant:

Companioned now by other men
The girls I knew live far away,
And I remember them again,
How they were lovely, lithe and gay,
How summer rippled to their eyes
And sweetened even the rose for joy
While I was still enough a boy
To mimic back the cuckoos' cries.

Never a summer came again
But woke my memory's bud to flower,
And maybe too those happy men
Ponder upon their own sweet hour;
For Fancy like a star returns
At last to all she gleaned upon,
And evermore the brighter burns
To find life fairer that she shone.

Here is a poem which the young English poets have written so often that the phrases click into place as automatically as the expected rhymes. It is not merely traditional; it is tradition memorized. One might almost say that it is easier to write such a poem than not to write it. Here are the faint but recognizable echoes of Housman, Davies, and the week-end pastoral note which gives the work of the later Georgians that air of pallid similarity. The sense of self which is the very emanation of poetry is wholly absent from this neat but anonymous spirit.

Mr. Davison comes nearer the fervor of poetry when he is less determinedly "poetic." Such pieces of romantic realism as "The Letters," "The Girl Remembers Her Dead Lover," "At the 'Plough and Anchor'" have more to say to us than all his apostrophes to roses, Spring, and a capitalized Beauty. Since Mr. Davison has arranged his poetry in careful chronology, he tempts the cruel test of comparison. This is the first verse of the first poem, dated 1917:

Old lights that burn across the Tyne at night,
And in its shadowy bosom peer and swim,
Each in your ancient place—in summer, bright,
In winter, dim.

And this, dated 1925, is the last stanza of the last poem in the volume:

But now the long days dwindle and our hearts
Are heavy with a strange Autumnal sorrow,
Old hints of grief, of age, mortality
Beyond your knowing; and our subtlest arts
Carry us no far further than tomorrow
When one, the earliest out, shall come to tell
How you have flown away from us, and we
Will listen to him in silence . . . Swallow, farewell!

There is no occasion for further critical commentary except to quote what is in every way Mr. Davison's most eloquent sonnet. "After Re-Reading Shakespeare" might serve as the motto for this as well as for many another volume less winning:

Now I can never be myself again,
It is too late to live, too soon to die;
I am a poet made of many men
And each was far more beautiful than I.

In the third and fourth lines of this sonnet Mr. Davison has written his own critique; he has summarized his gift more succinctly than any review will ever do for him.

One of the most enthralling chapters in the history of the conquest of the earth's surface. The book of an explorer, a naturalist, and above all a humanitarian

"Brazil—Immense, Fantastic!"

By ROY NASH

The Conquest of Brazil

"It is well worth reading from cover to cover. One gets up from a study of it with a feeling that at last some one has projected Brazil on the screen with lifelike fidelity, and that with it in his gripsack the traveler could visit Brazil and know what is going on around him, understand the manners and morals of the people, their economic needs. * * * The author has ranged through all but two States of Brazil and spent years of observation in that country. No one could be better qualified to make the stay-at-homes familiar with it and excite in them a desire to follow in his steps. Open the book anywhere and one will find atmosphere, humanity, instruction or diversion."—*N. Y. Times.* "An index, bibliography, eight maps and seventy-seven illustrations are all incidental to the engrossing interest of a book in which constructive imagination of a high order haloes sociologic fact with the glamour of romance."—*N. Y. Evening Post.* $5.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company 383 Madison Ave. New York

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

The Laws of Social Psychology

By FLORIAN ZNANIECKI

This is more than an abstract discussion of method: the author has formulated thirteen causal laws which should become as useful in explaining and controlling human activity as are the laws of physics for the control of nature. They are concerned with stability and new experience, social repression and social sublimation, and psychological conflict resulting in inhibition or rationalization. They do not pretend to explain why men behave in certain ways, but why the behavior of men changes; and this, the author believes, is the only thing that social science can hope to do. These laws are now offered for confirmation in social theory and practice.

Mr. Znaniecki is professor of sociology in the University of Poznan, Poland.

$3.00, *postpaid* $3.15

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5852 Ellis Avenue CHICAGO

What Evolution Is

By GEORGE HOWARD PARKER

"The author discusses the subject of evolution in a direct way, in simple and readable language, and in such manner that any layman should have no difficulty in comprehending it."—*Roanoke* (Va.) *World-News.* "One of the most sound, just, and lucid of the explanations of evolution and the ways of nature."—David Starr Jordan, in *The Argonaut.* "Whether one denies or accepts evolution, this book will be found valuable for its clear, comprehensible, and scholarly presentation of the subject."—*The Expositor.* $1.50

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Inimitable Father Brown Again

THE INCREDULITY OF FATHER BROWN

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

The jovial priest, favorite of countless readers, solves some startling new mysteries with his uncanny shrewdness.

$2.00 *at Booksellers*

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
449 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Letter from France

By Louise Morgan Sill

"LA France Poétique," by M. Francis Jammes (Mercure de France), is a misleading title: it might be a poetic anthology whereas, in reality, it is, like most works by the same poet, an autobiography, a replica of the Diary published during the past few years by the author. Francis Jammes, born in the south of France, never left the land of olive trees and cicadas except for a few years at Guadeloupe, where he breathed vanilla-scented air and heard the tam-tam in the warm nights. The south of France—almost a virgin country when Alphonse Daudet began to write—has been so often described and, to tell the truth, so exploited, that it has become difficult to treat it as poetic material. But Jammes has managed to keep himself unsullied from the world, he is sincere and childlike, in short, he is such a true poet that his Bigorre, and the fountain of Castetis, and the boiling creek at Betharram, the farandoles, and the wedding parties—even the old servant, "dying with empty hands but with a heart full of gold," and the village priest—appear fresh and charm us when this wizard of simplicity brings them in. Jammes's verse is as colloquial as verse can be, but this plain background is intended to give full value to the flowers constantly blooming under the poet's fingers.

The harvest of fiction is as usual plentiful, but we are confronted at once by such names as Gide, Duhamel, Maurois, Bazin, and Colette, and we are not in such danger of being bewildered as when the publishers blind us with a volley of new authors whom they declare to be all geniuses.

M. André Gide's "Les Faux Monnayeurs" (Nouvelle Revue Française, of course) is dedicated to Roger Martin du Gard, and the dedication states that this is the author's "first novel." Of course "L'Immortaliste" and "La Porte Etroite" were exercises belonging to the *culte du moi*, and not novels, —but was not "Les Caves du Vatican," recently translated into English and welcomed by the American press with surprising satisfaction, a real novel? Probably M. Gide was dissatisfied with that first effort, regarded its failure as justified, and finally has made up his mind to label it a false start. "Les Faux Monnayeurs" is really a novel, and M. Gide has even condescended to give it the air in vogue by telling us the story of a group rather than of individuals. It is the narrative of only one year in the life of a few young people. The inevitable tendency of Gide to regard vice as more interesting than sanity is here. These young men, some of them almost children, disgusted with their parents' and teachers' exhortations, decide to experiment in the other direction. Some of their experiences cannot even be hinted at, while most of the rest leaves an exceedingly bad taste in the mouth. After challenging the received code of morals in every way, these remarkable searchers—no doubt remembering Messrs. Loeb and Nathan—persuade the youngest of them to commit suicide for the spiritual enlightenment of the collectivity. One is grateful to say that the book comes to an end after that. As usual, M. Gide details his fulsome chronicle with perfect imperturbability, and in many places the imprint of his special power is visible. The literary fault of this first, or final, attempt, is that M. Gide's encyclopædic mind has endeavored to cluster round his story all the ideas, prejudices, cravings, and disgusts which mankind in its evolution has ever tried to express, and no amount of talent is equal to the task.

It is also a psychological experience and the description of collective tendencies that M. Georges Duhamel, now in possession of his full mastery, gives us in "La Pierre d'Horeb" (Mercure de France). In the early years of the twentieth century a young Frenchman, Antoine Rességuier, arrives in Paris to study medicine. He naturally meets a Russian girl, Doria, also walking the hospitals, and falls in love with her. But Doria is only in love with Revolution, and bluntly tells him that there can be more real happiness—not to speak of moral greatness—in killing a man than in fulfilling the noblest love. Nearby is another student, Anne, a French girl, who truly loves the young man and proves it, but disappears the moment she thinks Antoine will need her no more. The crisis comes with an illness during which Antoine realizes what his father is, and has always been, for him. Henceforth life will have a meaning for him.

M. André Maurois's "Meïpe, ou la Délivrance" (Grasset) consists of an agreeable Preface in his lightest and most caressing style, describing an ideal place, Meïpe, where children select their own parents in the department stores, and go to the theatre, whereas grown-ups are put to bed, and of several studies or stories in the manner of "Ariel." The first, devoted to Goethe, has recently been published in English by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is somewhat languishing in French as well as in English; the second is an absurd but irresistible adventure of a young French scholar who has read Balzac so much that he lives his novels, and rather to his own surprise and annoyance becomes the lover of a Cabinet Minister's stupid wife; the last chapter is devoted to Mrs. Siddons, whose virtue and wisdom become far more exciting under this clever pen than other actresses' most daring adventures.

In "Balthus le Lorrain" (Calmann-Lévy), M. René Bazin has given a Lorraine accompaniment to his famous Alsatian study, "Les Oberlé." M. Bazin is no longer in fashion: his realism is too clean and is accused of unreality in consequence. Yet, it is a fact that both he and M. Bourget have a rare talent for choosing a psychological crisis that will develop inevitably, and know how to set it in the proper frame. "Balthus" is an episode of the recent political life of Lorraine. Jacques Balthus, a village school teacher, has borne the German occupation, like most Lorrainers, with sullen resignation; at the end of the war he is the first to hoist a French flag in the village. In 1924, M. Herriot begins his campaign against religious schools in Lorraine and Alsace, and an inspector sent from Paris explains to Balthus and his colleagues what is meant by neutrality in teaching. Balthus makes up his mind to resign, but he gives his class a dictation making it clear that the French Government, *a* French Government, is not France. The background, the life of the French village with a mayor who is partly German, could not be more instructive.

Colette—whose candidacy to the Goncourt Academy and probable success are announced —gives us a continuation of her own novel, "Chéri," under the title "La Fin de Chéri" (Flammarion). "Chéri" has been a great success, for it is a serious and, within Collette's limits, a moral book. Chéri has become tired of his wife, who is a profiteer, and goes back to Léa, his former mistress. He finds she is old, incredibly old, and the revelation, together with a realization of post-war rottenness, fills him with such disgust as only a revolver can exercise. Extremely well done.

Every now and then Gyp, the Gyp of 1880, the Comtesse de Martel, reappears with a book that is invariably a book of today and as much as possible of tomorow. "Ces bons Normands!" (Flammarion) is her latest, not effort, but achievement. Slangy dialogues in exactly the old vein, too true to life to be called superficial. Gyp has no respect for Normandy, whether in castle or cottage, and shows it with remarkable outspokenness.

Auteurs gais always have a chance in an era of realism, or of high artistic ambitions. Courtleine was quite as popular in his day as Zola, and who can think without gratitude of Lavedan, Capus, and Donnay, who made us laugh when everybody else was making us melancholy? "La Caravane sur l'Atlantique" (Editions de France), by M. Maurice Larrouy, is an irresistible satire of diplomatic conventions and European delegations. The French liner "Louvre," Captain Fourgues (remembered by admirers of "L'Odyssé d'un Transport Torpillé") takes over to New York a party of diplomats who go ashore, sit at a round table, settle the affairs of the world, rush back to the boat, and are in Le Havre again before fifteen days have passed. Fourgues is as wonderful in this book as in "L'Odyssée," and makes merciless fun of the ludicrous chairman of the French delegation and of his Spanish wife. The satire is constantly healthy.

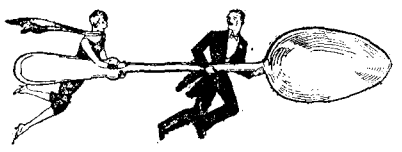
Apart from fiction two recent literary events have been the publication by M. Victor Giraud, a first-rate editor, of Sainte-Beuve's "Poisons" (Plon), and the surprise caused by Madame Delarue Mardrus having written a life of Sister Thérese, the young saint of Lisieux.

Sainte-Beuve knew his own venom and, as he tried to be sincere, he entitled his private note-books of literary impressions as they deserved. Nobody seems to recall on this occasin the anonymous chronicles sent by Sainte-Beuve to the *Gazette de Lausanne* when he began to lecture there. They too were poisonous. The great victim in "Poisons" is Victor Hugo, who, of course, was his *bête noire*.

"She hasn't a moral about her!"

And that led to one of the most brilliant scenes in modern fiction—the hearing of Marjorie Ferrar's libel suit against Fleur Mont. And yet in her heart, Marjorie Ferrar knew that she would lose her case if she were to tell the court her real code:

"Not to let a friend down; not to give a man away; not to funk; to do things differently from other people; to be always on the go; not to be stuffy; not to be dull."



John Galsworthy's

The Silver Spoon

A novel of the London of to-day

$2.00 *at all bookstores* Charles Scribner's Sons

"A rare book."—Herald-Tribune.

THINGS GREATER THAN HE

By LUCIANO ZUCCOLI

"A very powerful novel."—*New York Times.*
"Indubitably beautiful."—*New York World.*
"The drawing of Georgio is well nigh perfect."—*New York Post.*

$2.50 at all booksellers

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

One Park Avenue New York

More glorious than
GLORIOUS APOLLO

More divine than
THE DIVINE LADY

The

Exquisite Perdita

The romance of the dazzling beauty who captivated the Prince of Wales (George IV). The new novel by the foremost writer of biographical romance.—

E. BARRINGTON

$2.50 at all Booksellers

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

449 Fourth Ave., New York 215 Victoria St., Toronto

"A 'best-seller' as well as a good book."

Says the ultra-critical London *Spectator* of

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

53rd thousand in America!

$2.00 *Everywhere*

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Publishers, Boston

A Knotty Book

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE

by

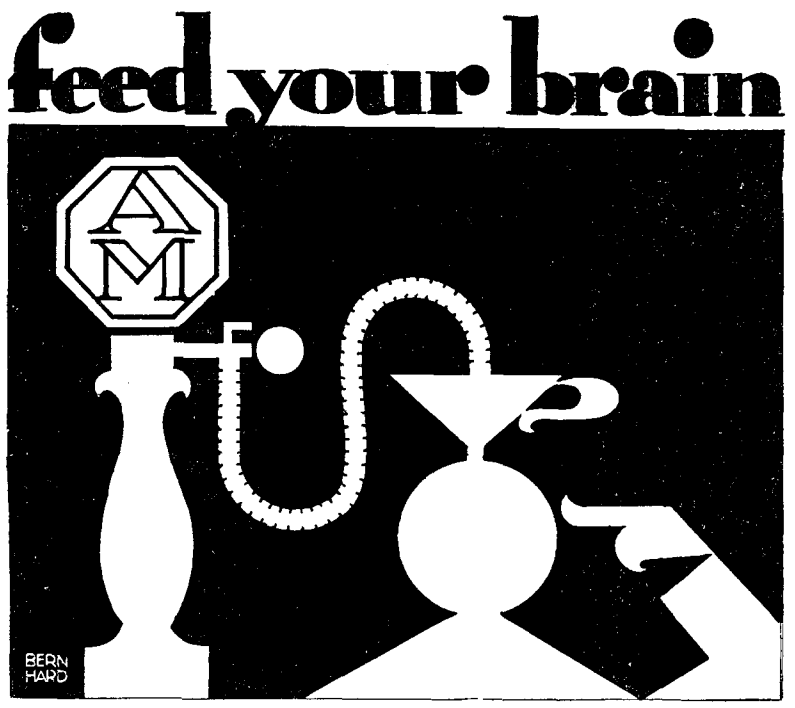
Margaret Pedler

Dexterously Solved

$2.00 Everywhere

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



feed your brain

read the

AMERICAN MERCURY

H. L. MENCKEN
Editor

ALFRED A. KNOPF
Publisher

SPECIAL SUMMER INTRODUCTORY OFFER

3 Months for

$1.00

Your
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

and one dollar attached to this coupon will bring you THE AMERICAN MERCURY for July, August, and September—three months of intelligent, provocative, and delightful reading.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue, New York

S.R.7-26

Foreign Literature

English Portraits

ENGLANDER. Von Rudolph Kircher. Frankfurt: Frankfurter Societats-Druckerei. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. Randall

THE author of this volume of pen-portraits of prominent Englishmen has been London correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* since the war, and the first thing to say about his writing is that it reflects the sober, dignified democracy and even judgment of his paper. The second thing to say is that no recent writer, even in England, has been so comprehensive in his selection of personalities through which to present a complete picture of modern English life. From Lord Oxford to Jack Hobbs, the cricketer, from Dean Inge to Lord Bearsted, the oil-magnate, from the Prime Minister to the youngest members of his cabinet, from Mr. J. H. Thomas to the Earl of Reading, from Mr. Bertrand Russell to Lord Beaverbrook—after careful reflection we can name no important omission from the list of those men and women who, whether much before the public eye or working quietly behind the scenes, represent the varied activities of contemporary England.

Dr. Kircher has been happy in some of his classifications. He begins with what he calls the "Erben," the inheritors of a tradition, the representatives of an outlook on life which is fast passing away. First he names Lord Balfour, then Lord Oxford, then, naturally, Lord Curzon—an admirably impartial and sympathetic sketch written before that statesman's death. He also has an excellent chapter on Tory Democracy, whose embodiment is Lord Derby, and, rather less obviously, includes Mr. J. H. Thomas in this category. Perhaps, although he does not explain it, he feels that the Labour politician of the more conservative type is also passing. At any rate, after reading this section, we go on eagerly to discover what men the writer would class among the "new leaders." First comes the present Prime Minister of Great Britain, a sympathetic sketch in which the writer makes the attempt, renewed in his account of Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Macdonald to persuade his fellow-countrymen that the religious sentiment which is so often associated with British public life is a reality. The chapter on Mr. Winston Churchill is in the main a review of that politician's war-book, for which Herr Kircher clearly shows extraordinary admiration—a judgment in which he will find very numerous supporters. Sir Robert Horne is written of as the coming Prime Minister, there is a slightly bitter sketch of Lord Birkenhead, balanced by a very sympathetic account of one of Mr. Baldwin's "younger men," Mr. Edward Wood, now Lord Irwin and Viceroy of India. It is clear that this type of public man has the most attraction for Herr Kircher. His appreciation of the dignity and honor of Sir Edward Grey evidently comes from the heart, and must be wholesome reading for many Germans. For the religious culture, too, of Mr. Wheatley, Herr Kircher has a favorable word, considering his command over the working-class Catholic vote, an important potential factor in any radical crisis of the Labor Party.

Even when Herr Kircher comes to the City and the newspaper-magnates his belief in culture and his conviction that essentially it is not lost with the passing of the "Erben," find full expression. Can Germany, for example, show a bank-director such as Sir Walter Leaf, who is an important financier but known to the great world only as a distinguished Homeric scholar? The account of Lord Bearsted's career as oil-magnate and "financial discoverer of Japan" is a piece of interesting revelation, at least to the average reader, while, coming to the great newspaper-proprietors Herr Kircher expresses the firm conviction that in England the day of the *mere* "business-politician" and "booster" is over. On only one point in this attractive series of essays should we be disposed to question Herr Kircher's judgment. In his chapter on "Mr. Hobbs"—marked by a refreshingly frank avowal of his inability to find cricket interesting—he appears to ascribe the great development of sport to some conscious effort to give the masses *circenses*. This is, we think, to mistake the English psychology and confuse cause and effect. It is true that the past few years have seen in England an immense development of professional sport and sporting-displays, and that one result may be a less aggressive mood with the British working-class. But an observer has only to mix with a working-class population to see that the demand has brought about the supply, and that, in any case, there is hardly a village-green, hardly a mining-community, that does not still possess, and increasingly possess, its own sport-organizations, maintained successfully in spite of the professional counter-attractions.

A German Publisher

BRIEFE AN COTTA. Edited by Maria Fehling. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger. 1926.

PUBLISHER and author are too often represented in these days as irreconcilable antagonists. The trade-union idea has spread to literature—inevitably so, no doubt—and there are pessimists who talk of the complete industrialization of the art of writing. But those who, however humbly, practise this art and have even a small acquaintance with the business conditions of the world of literature, know how common, even today, is the sympathetic personal contact between author and publisher, the ambition to serve literature and cultivate acquaintance with those who produce it, not merely for the sake of dividends. Among publishers to be held in perpetual honor among all lovers of literature the name of Cotta stands high. The firm was founded by Johann Georg Cotta about the middle of the seventeenth century, but it was his grandson, Johann Friedrich Cotta, who brought the business to its greatest glory and associated it for all time and inextricably with the finest achievements of German literature. Genius being what it is, no doubt Schiller and Goethe would in any case have found scope for their gifts, but his friendship with them was undoubtedly an important element in their literary development, while without his encouragement numbers of other writers hardly less celebrated, such as Kleist, might well have languished in obscurity.

The present-day successors of the Cotta firm have done well to open their archives and give the world a mass of evidence of the friendship Cotta established with his authors. Together with letters to Cotta which are already known from their appearance in the standard editions of Goethe's and Schiller's correspondence, they have issued much new material, covering the vital years 1794 to 1815. It is to be hoped that the correspondence of the succeeding years will eventually be made available, but the year 1815 marks the close of an important period, and the present volume has a unity it would not possess if it had not been carried later. Not only does it do honor to Cotta's memory, not only does it give an engaging picture of the man, drawn unconsciously by the famous men who were his friends, but it supplies an extremely vivid and useful chronicle of the age.

Acquaintance with Schiller came first, in 1794. Together writer and publisher planned the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Schiller's connection with the paper proved transitory on account of illness, but later the ideas he and Cotta worked out were put into practice and the paper attained considerable influence. Even more important to literature was the coöperation over the literary periodical, the *Horen*. Through this, which Schiller edited, consulting Cotta regularly and receiving his full encouragement, writers such as Hölderlin and Herder were given their opportunity of self-expression, and Schiller and Goethe were brought into contact with each other, as were Goethe and Cotta, in 1797. The letters from Goethe given in this volume are not very stirring; they deal mainly with business arrangements, express Goethe's anxiety about printer's errors and the like, and sometimes show a coolness which Goethe in one letter excuses by pleading the anxieties of the time, of which other letters give a lively enough picture. But the comparative aloofness of Goethe's letters was amply compensated for by the wholehearted friendship, affection, and enthusiasm which appear in the letters from Lichtenberg, Fichte, Johann Müller Tieck, Kleist, and Schelling, all of whom acknowledge the support, financial or moral, they had received at Cotta's hands. As Kleist and Oehlenschläger frankly admit, times were not propitious to literature and it was, in more instances than one, only Cotta's confidence and material assistance that enabled writers to tide over their difficulties. The publisher's reward, even reckoned in terms of monetary profit, either for himself or his descendants, was no doubt a rich one, but no reader of this fascinating volume can deny that it was thoroughly deserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

THE BACKGROUND OF MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE. By C. H. C. WRIGHT. Ginn. 1926. $2.

Professor Wright has provided a résumé of political, religious, and social conditions in France from 1789 to 1914. It is questionable whether the book justifies its title, "The Background of Modern French Literature," for, to a large extent, it fails to distinguish between the things that have influenced writers as individuals rather than as members of a certain generation. The author deals with schools and movements (especially with political movements) in a thorough-going and competent way, but he fails almost entirely to give the reader any comprehension of the spirit behind the writers of the past century. To live up to its title, such a book should give one an understanding of the literary tradition behind a modern French writer, of the manner in which such a tradition simplifies his literary problem, and of the ways in which it tends to restrict and to stifle him. It should give us some idea why we might expect in France phenomena like Anatole France, Romain Roland, and the Dada school. This Professor Wright's book fails to do. It is accurate but dull, comprehensive but uninspired.

PROVENCAL LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE: A List of References in the New York Public Library. Compiled by *Daniel C. Haskell*. New York Public Library.

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF THE ENGLISH ROMANTICISTS. By *Crane Brinton*. Oxford University Press.

Biography

THE PAPERS OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON. Prepared for Publication by the Division of Archives and History. By ALEXANDER C. FLICK. Volume IV. Albany: The University of the State of New York. 1926.

This thick volume of nearly nine hundred pages gives us the papers of His Majesty's superintendent of the northern Indians during the years 1763-65. Johnson had received from the king a grant of 100,000 acres north of the Mahawk River in recognition of his services in the French and Indian War, and he was busy settling himself upon these lands, moving to his new manor house, Johnson Hall, near the present city of Johnstown, in the spring of 1763. The early pages of the volume threw some light upon Pontiac's conspiracy, and the steps taken by Johnson to prevent the Iroquois from joining in the revolt. Thereafter the correspondence deals, though often interestingly, with routine details of administration. The names of his deputy superintendents in the managament of the Indians—his son-in-law Daniel Claus, his nephew Col. Guy Johnson, and George Croghan—appear frequently.

We have a good deal of matter relating to the complaint of the Canajoharie Indians that they had been tricked out of their lands by a German millkeeper named George Klock, who made them drunk, and to the King's suit against Klock. There also is much correspondence relating to the troubles of Johnson and various colonial governors with the unruly frontiersmen, and the sad affair of the massacre of the Conestoga Indians in Pennsylvania appears here. Among the letters are several reflecting Johnson's worries over the attempt of Connecticut settlers to plant themselves on the Susquehanna, which he fears will embroil all the whites with the Indians of that region. The superintendent shows a keen desire to have missionaries of the Episcopal Church sent among the Six Nations, as the Indians will otherwise become Presbyterians. Those who join this church, he says, are "the most troublesome and discontented, exchanging their morality for a set of gloomy Ideas, which always renders them Worse Subjects but never Better Men." A number of his official lists of equivalents in barter, to govern the Indian trade, are published. From one of them (1764) we learn that a good knife is worth a raccoon skin; a gallon of rum a beaver skin; and a bedgown lined with calico, for a man, two large beaver skins. A pathetic interest attaches to a list of captives recovered from the Senecas and Delawares, twenty-five in number, who are to be delivered to their relatives on application—twenty-five in number. Most of them are children, their names unknown, and two are young girls who have had infants by Indians. The whole correspondence illuminates strongly the relations between Indians and whites just after the French and Indian War, and shows the tact and sagacity with which Johnson executed his difficult task.

Dr. Flick has edited the volume with scholarly care. Many of the Johnson papers for these years were destroyed by the fire of 1911, but he has made every effort to supply what gaps he can from other sources. The selection of illustrations is worth a special word. They are numerous and excellent. Among them are portraits of Jeffery Amherst, George III, and Admiral Tyrrell, and a variety of attractive views, interior and exterior, of Johnson Hall, which still stands and has been carefully restored under State oversight. The book is a creditable addition to New York's official publications in the historical field.

IN DARKEST LONDON. By MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON. Macmillan. 1926.

Real, stark poverty has come with us in America to be one of the far-off half forgotten things. London on the contrary, in spite of unemployment allowances and old age pensions, would seem from Mrs. Chesterton's statements to have a tragic abundance of human beings less well housed and less well shod than the gutter cat. She left her home one cold winter's night in old clothes, and without money, to find out in her own person how the destitute live. It was perhaps a romantic thing to do, and required a romantic person. But since no one else would be apt to try it, at least from the woman's side of the problem, one must take her as one finds her, and tolerate a certain statistical vagueness. London may have a thousand women in broken shoes, who sleep where they can, or it may have fifty thousand. That it has any is a fact of some importance. And Mrs. Chesterton's assertions, some of them previously published in articles, seem not to have stirred up any very conclusive denial. Her observations on the state of mind and body of the destitute woman are frequently both distressing and curious. She has an explanation for the oft cited act of the beggar who throws away the bread just given him. The fashion of short hair has not spread among homeless women, although official scissors are eager to remove their locks, for reason sufficient. Perhaps dread of officials is the explanation, but Mrs. Chesterton suggests another. She insists, moreover, that considerable numbers of women in London sleep in the streets, even in winter, and finds that thin clothing inflicts less acute suffering than does ruined footwear. She may be impulsive—some would say obsessed—but, like the child in the fable who alone observed the King's unclothedness, circumstances have made her realistic and matter-of-fact.

BANZAI. By JOHN PARIS. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.50.

In a part-biographical, part-journalistic book Mr. Paris has traced the career of a typical ne'er-do-well, Japanese style, and sandwiched in slices of information about life in modern Tokio and outlying villages. We are told on the jacket that the ne'er-do-well, Takao Ono, is an actual person, whom Mr. Paris met in London after the war. The unscrupulous little Jap had been led by an itch for excitement and the desire to make himself "conspishous" in the world, to a crash in the Royal Air Force. While his face was being reconstructed in a hospital, he told the story of his life to Mr. Paris. On this thread are hung expositions of Japanese manners, and glimpses into Japanese schools, universities, homes, newspaper offices, and brothels. The character drawing has the simplicity of crayon sketches; the journalism, which is ninety per cent of the book, is at least honest. Those who have pleasant memories of the lightly clattering *geta* in Japanese streets, will be glad to find that it is unsensational. It is also undistinguished.

THE LETTERS OF SYRESIUS OF CYRENE. Translated and edited by *Augustine Fitzgerald*. Oxford University Press.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA. By *Edward H. R. Tatham*. Vol. II. Macmillan.

ECHOES AND MEMOIRS. By *Bramwell Booth*. Doran. $2 net.

Business

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE BUSINESS CYCLE. By *Dorothy Swaine Thomas*. Dutton.

20TH CENTURY ADVERTISING. By *George Freucli*. D. Van Nostrand Co.

AGRICULTURAL JOURNALISM. By *Nelson Antrim Crawford* and *Charles Elkins Rogers*. Knopf.

Drama

IN A GARDEN. By *Philip Barry*. Doran. $1.50 net.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT. By *Mrs. Inchbald*. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

Fiction

THE LAND OF MIST. By A. CONAN DOYLE. Doran. 1926. $2.

It was, perhaps, inevitable that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle should, sooner or later, write a novel dealing with those Spiritualistic manifestations of whose truth he is so firmly convinced. The result, however, offers a somewhat difficult problem to the reviewer. There can be no doubt of Sir Arthur's obvious sincerity or of his burning wish to convince the reader of the importance of the tenets he holds. But neither obvious sincerity nor a burning wish to proclaim a new revelation necessarily make a good novel. And "The Land of Mist" is not a good novel. It is not even good propaganda, in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sense. We doubt if it will interest in Spiritualism any one person not deeply interested already. And yet, that is obviously its purpose—to reach, under a thin disguise of fiction, that audience unreached by the author's six previous books on the life hereafter and the message Spiritualism may bring to mankind. It is a curious thing, that a writer who has always possessed, *par excellence*, the knack of telling an interesting and exciting story, should have that very knack fail him when he wishes to convince the public of the validity of a message which he believes to be an epoch-making one.

The method of presentation is simple and direct. Enid Challenger, daughter of that doughty Professor Challenger who found "The Lost World," and Edward Malone, now become a journalist, are writing a joint series of articles on the various religious denominations of London. They visit a Spiritualist church, in the course of their duties. The subject begins to interest them and they pursue their investigations further. Earthbound spirits—rescue circles—paraffin moulds—minor mediums and major ones—Chinese and Indian "controls" a haunted house—the materialization of animal and human forms—telekenesis and ectoplasm—they run the gamut of them all. Professor Challenger scoffs at their growing conviction that there is something in these various manifestations that neither reason nor trickery can explain. He attacks the Spiritualists in public debate and is worsted. At last, he grudgingly consents to be present at a seance. He attempts to expose the medium—only to see, at his moment of apparent triumph, his own daughter fall into a mediumistic trance and stun him with a message from the Land of Mist that shakes the foundations of his unbelief and forces him to champion the psychic cause with all the vehemence he had previously employed in denouncing it.

Let this be said at once—Sir Arthur is as fair in his special pleading as one could reasonably expect the convert of any religion to be. He admits the existence of trickery and fraud among certain mediums—and points out, quite justly, that the presence of a few tricky individuals does not invalidate the work of an international cause. It is true, however, that his "good" characters have a certain air of self-conscious patronage about them which is sometimes hard to put up with. But that is not the trouble with the book. The trouble lies deeper. When Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—to take an instance of successful propagandizing in the novel-form—she was interested in her individual puppets as well as in her case. Sir Arthur is profoundly uninterested in his puppets—to him, the case is everything. Consequently, the average reader, to whom the book is addressed, cannot read it for the story, for the story, as a story, fails to hold. There is too much pill, too little sugar-coating. And, on the other hand, the evidence itself would be far more convincing if presented without the fictional machinery to hamper it.

THE BREEZE IN THE MOONLIGHT: THE SECOND BOOK OF GENIUS. Translated from the Chinese by GEORGE SOULIE DE MORANT. and Done into English by H. BEDFORD-JONES. Putnams. 1926. $2.

Anyone who had not looked into the matter might think that the Ming Dynasty, since it began in the fourteenth century, was a long time ago; but "The Breeze in the Moonlight' (Fong-yue Choan), which now appears once more in English, reminds us that Zane Grey would have been thoroughly at home under those forgotten Sons of Heaven. Here is a breathless romance, in which the prettiest, cleverest, and purest maid in all China and the bravest, most upright young man are so plagued and bedevilled by mischance, wicked enemies, and corrupt officials that only a film could do justice to their adventures. But the unknown author had more than excitement in mind: he wished to teach his readers to live by the code of Confucius.

Like all novelists who aim to prove a given set of conventions, he was more interested in his code than in the human nature on which he yearned to impose it. He apportioned all virtues—according to his system—to his good characters, and all vices to his bad. While some of his virtues might not rank as such in the world of Zane Grey, the method is the same.

This story surely offers a keener edge of delectation to us than it could have offered to its first readers, who were lulled by familiarity with the code it preached. After a lapse of nearly five hundred years it reads like a fresh, merciless, and expert parody

(*Continued on next page*)

Number One
Follow this Series

Reasons Why . . .
The Story of Philosophy
is one of the *best* of the best-sellers*

IMMANUEL KANT

"Kant thought out everything carefully before acting, and therefore remained a bachelor all his life."
—From page 288 of

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY
***by* Will Durant**

***Ask your book-seller to show you this 586-page book . . . giving the lives and opinions of the great philosophers from Socrates to Santayana . . . in a way so *sound*, so *human*, so *brilliant*, so *exciting* . . .** (the italics are ours but the adjectives belong to Van Loon, Dorsey, Dewey, Broun, Macy, etc., etc.) **that it has become the best-selling non-fiction book in America . . . the superlatives are Brentano's, Macy's, and other representative book-stores. $5.00 everywhere.**

Simon and Schuster
Publishers of Books
37 West 57th Street
New York City

Toilette of the Hebrew Lady

By THOMAS DE QUINCEY

A little known but remarkable piece of writing by the author of "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater." This beautifully printed book bound in colored paper wrappers, size 7 x 8½, will be sent free with a year's subscription to *Book Notes* for $1.00. *Book Notes* is in closer touch with the publishing world than any other periodical published in the U. S. It is the fastest growing literary paper in the country.

To Edwin Valentine Mitchell,
27 Lewis Street, Hartford, Conn.
Herewith is $1.00. Please enter my subscription to *Book Notes* for one year and send me without charge a copy of Thomas De Quincey's "Toilette of the Hebrew Lady."

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of our own contemporary "wholesome" fiction. Not that its author intended this hilariousness, to be sure.

The best-known English version of Fongyue Choan, prior to this one, was that of John F. Davis, published in 1829, though under a different title. It was conscientiously long-winded and dull. The present text comes to us via the French, and is alert, deft, and puckish, with a quality not unlike the Greenwich Village Theatre revival of "Fashion."

It should be added that, as Mr. Davis explained in his preface nearly a hundred years ago, the name Icy Heart in the original meant merely chaste, and did not imply lack of warmth in reserve. This, however, will be obvious to anyone who reads the last chapter of the book.

MAPE: THE WORLD OF ILLUSION. By ANDRE MAUROIS. Appleton. 1926. $2.50.

This book by the gifted author of "Ariel" is really a collection of short stories knit together rather loosely by a theme which is the imitation of literature by life. The first story is of Goethe and his Werther, and an excellently imagined, beautifully handled narrative of the reality which Goethe beat up into "The Sorrows of Werther," seeing in life what he needed for literature, not what was there. This is imaginative biography of a high order, both literature and scholarship. The second tale, of a French scholar who wrecked his career by trying to act after the mode of a Balzac hero, is pure fiction; the third begins with a vivid portrait of Mrs. Siddons, but rambles into a rather loose narrative of the heart-breaking loves of her two daughters for the young painter Lawrence. M. Maurois is a great artist in pictorial narrative, and everything he touches is enriched thereby; but this book is by no means another "Ariel." Only "The Sorrows of the Young Werther" is in his best form, and a promise of later achievement. The writing of fictitious biography which is truer than the uninterpreted facts is a delicate and charming art which can never be too much practiced by the few competent in imagination and scholarship, of whom Maurois is one of the best. Therefore, though this book is slight by comparison with "Ariel" it is to be commended.

GOD AND TONY HEWITT. By ALBERT KINROSS. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

A war novel, dealing with the campaign in the Near East, "God and Tony Hewitt" suffers from a heavy and sentimental romantic interest, which has been added to the admirable picture of Salonica filled with polyglot troops and refugees of the Serbian disasters of 1916-17. One can only regret that Mr. Kinross did not confine his attention to this field, for his English plot is less successful, and he fails to bring any great vitality to his hero as husband and lover, though he makes him so dashing as a soldier. The best of the book is found in such descriptions as that of the White Tower dance hall, a waterside resort at Salonica, where espionage, debauchery, and a certain modicum of quiet heroism are simultaneously visible in the motley crowd of revellers. As a whole, neither of the personages of the title are placed against this backround in an entirely convincing manner, in spite of the author's sincere efforts.

BOOTH AND THE SPIRIT OF LINCOLN. By BERNIE BABCOCK. Lippincott. 1925.

The author of this book has a *penchant* for the "Soul" and "Spirit" of things Lincolnesque. Her fictional treatment of Ann Rutledge and of Lincoln, in previous volumes, is here supplemented by a similar picture of Lincoln's murderer. The large crop of traditions springing up after Lincoln's death about those in anyway connected with him have tempted more than one author into a melodramatic handling of them in one form or another. The national affection for Lincoln has thrown a halo about the modest New Salem girl to whom he early gave his heart. It suggests also a certain journalistic interest in any story about Booth, however flimsy. "Booth and the Spirit of Lincoln" is written upon the unsubstantial legend that the slayer of the President was never taken. The author romantically follows him, in his escape, to China and back to Mexico and Texas, and finally, after his repentance and recognition of the goodness of Lincoln, has him end his own life in Oklahoma. Mrs. Babcock possesses a cleverness for successive monotint situations which sustain well the character and personality of Booth throughout his wanderings; and she very deftly fashions these situations to add color and beauty to the spirit of Lincoln living after his martyrdom.

DAPHNE BRUNO. By *Ernest Raymond*. Doran. 2 vols. $3 net.

PROS AND CONS. By *Irvin S. Cobb*. Doran.

MARCHESTER ROYAL. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Doran. $2 net.

History

THE BENEDICTINES. By EDOUARD SCHNEIDER. Translated from the French by the Rev. J. LILJENCRANTS. Greenberg. 1926. $2.

So much nonsense has been written about monks, both by their detractors and their panegyrists, that one may hope for a wide circulation for this very readable account of Benedictine monastic life preceded by a history of St. Benedict, the Father of Western Monasticism, based on the "Dialogues" of St. Gregory the Great. Civilization owes much to the Benedictine order, and no reader with any imagination or sense of historical continuity can remain quite unmoved by the spectacle of a mode of life that has gone on virtually unchanged since the close of the fifth century.

Unfortunately the translation leaves something to be desired. The learned Swedish priest who undertook it does not seem to have realized that much which would read well in its original French has a cloying, saccharine quality when put directly into English.

THE EVOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT. By A. F. POLLARD. Longmans, Green. 1926. $5.50.

This revised edition of Professor Pollard's treatise on the British Parliament, is one of those books the need of which is not suspected until it is published. The title is confusing. The book is not a narrative of the history of Parliament, as is suggested, but much more, with requisite historical background, a description of what Parliament is today and why.

IMPERIAL ROME. By MARTIN P. NILSSON. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $5.

THE POPE. By JEAN CARRÉRE. Holt. 1926. $3.50.

How many things the word "Rome" can suggest is well illustrated by these two books. Professor Nilsson has here given us an extremely interesting narrative of the Roman imperial period and an even more interesting description of the Empire: its frontiers, provinces, means of communication, and neighboring foreign countries. There are particularly good chapters on the army and on the population problem. Altogether, the translation of this book from the Swedish was worth while. Not highly original, it does well what it does at all, and should prove useful alike to the general reader and—is it too much to hope for a good book?—as a college text.

Why M. Carrère's book should have been translated, it is more difficult to see. Like many "histories," it is much more a history of its author and the group to which he belongs—here the French Catholic party—than the period it pretends to analyze. Dedicated to M. Paul Bourget, it is frankly a Catholic statement of the "Roman Question" or the temporal power of the Pope. Perhaps the best of the book is the first chapter: Why Rome Is Eternal. It is worth having this question answered by a sensitive and intelligent Frenchman who has lived a great part of his life in Rome. The bulk of the book, dealing with the age-long struggle between Peter and Cæsar, Peter being of course the Pope, and Cæsar in turn Barbarossa, Napoleon I, Napoleon III, and their like, is not exciting. One feels that M. Carrère is stronger at poetic impressions than at philosophizing. Which is certainly nothing to be ashamed of.

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By S. F. PLATONOV. Translated by E. ARONSBERG. Edited by F. A. GOLDER. Macmillan. 1925.

The author of this one volume résumé of Russian history from the ninth century to the present distinguished himself under the Czaristic régime by rising from the peasant class to the position of professor in the University of St. Petersburg. In 1895 he crowned his pedagogical career by his appointment as tutor to the Grand Duke Michael and the Grand Duchess Olga. Perhaps the fact that this book grew out of the lessons taught to the small brother and sister of the former Czar accounts for its simple and elemental character, and the emphasis placed on the eminently safe and sane period when every good Russian regarded the Little Father as the fount of political and religious inspiration.

As is natural, perhaps, when it is considered that Professor Platonov is an authority on early Russian development, this volume places its chief emphasis on the years before 1800. The period from that time on is covered in less than a hundred pages, and to the years from 1894 to date only nine pages are given. Readers who are mainly interested in the part played by Russia in the development of modern Europe will find little here beyond a bare outline.

The treatment is almost purely political. The theories of the new historical school, which regards social and economic as of equal, if not greater, importance than political forces, apparently exercise no influence on Platonov. It is a question, therefore, whether this book may not have become somewhat antiquated in so far as its generalizations and interpretations are concerned. There seems to be a praiseworthy tendency, as illustrated by it, toward the standardization of Russian foreign names in their English transliterations on a phonetic basis.

Tristram Tupper "Scores High" with

JORGENSEN

The outstanding novel of the season

The Evidence—

"A genuine vital piece of work. It is out of such a novel as this that the best literature grows."—NEW YORK SUN.

"A charming romance, written with singular clarity and simplicity. Readers of 'Jorgensen' cannot fail to enjoy it."—*Henry James Forman* in the PHILA. PUBLIC LEDGER.

"It is a pleasure to speak a good word for 'JORGENSEN.' Mr. Tupper has written a novel of unusual merits, a novel of sufficient power to make it stand out boldly from the run of contemporary fiction."—*Robert Macdougall* in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

"One of the best elemental novels since Knut Hansen gave us his primitive tale, 'Growth of the Soil.'"—*J. D. Myers* in the DETROIT NEWS.

$2.00 At All Bookstores

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION MEMBER

Propaganda

Once again, my attention has been called to the fact that the "average intelligence" of the "average man" is below what it should be. This is not the first time that such a thing has happened—in fact there seems to be an epidemic of what might be called "razzing the unintelligentsia" and Mr. Average is said to possess very few intellectual qualities.

* * * * *

Usually such criticism is leveled by well-meaning persons who are desirious of sending the public to the founts of knowledge. Their intentions are of the best but it might be more agreeable to the "average" person if a scalpel were used instead of a jig-saw. Surely the feelings of the auditors must be hurt when they are forced to listen to a summary of their many shortcomings, particularly when nothing is left unsaid. And, if this is so, will they be stampeded towards the aforesaid founts? Will not their reaction be such that this desire will be as unlike the "smart-Alecky" type as possible?

* * * * *

Instruction—or the path of self-education should be given an agreeable appearance. Caustic comment will never make a desire for learning. It is all very well to poke fun at the dumb bells but it doesn't get us anywhere. What we are planning is an insidious campaign that will be so well worked out that Mr. Average becomes an intellectual without realizing it.

* * * * *

And we therefore extend requests to all readers of the *Saturday Review* to take an "average person" with them the next time they go bookshopping. Don't say why and don't try to force your ideas on your guest. Introduce him (or her) to the bookseller—be sure he is a member of the *A.B.A.*—and allow the atmosphere of a good bookshop do the rest.

Perhaps you might let him read a couple of issues of the *Saturday Review* as well—or give him a present of a subscription.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Press

2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN FRONTIER

By Ralph L. Rusk

Associate Professor of English in Columbia University

Second Printing, Two Volumes. $7.50

"He has made a thorough study of middle western pioneer literature, tracing it back to its cultural beginnings and treating in turn and with considerable detail the different forms of literary expression. Nearly the whole of the second volume is given to bibliographies."—*Book Review Digest.*

"No student of our western history can afford to be without it, and we prophesy that it will become increasingly valuable as more and more interest focuses on the western field."—*Mississippi Valley Historical Review.*

AT BOOKSTORES

Or direct from the Publishers

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Miscellaneous

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE. By *Margaret Sanger.* Brentanos. $2.

A STUDY OF COSTUME. By *Elizabeth Sage.* Scribners. $2.

A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by *Henry George Liddell* and *Robert Scott.* Revised and augmented by *Henry Stuart Jones.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

OPIUM: THE DEMON FLOWER. By *Sara Graham-Mulhall.* Vinal.

MAINSPRINGS OF MEN. By *Whiting Williams.* Scribners.

Philosophy

HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHY. By HORATIO W. DRESSER. Crowell. 1926. $2.50.

Is the purpose of a text-book to help the teacher to teach or the learner to learn? Presumably, to judge from general custom, it has nothing to do with helping either to think. The function of a text-book is still, apparently, the imparting of useful or useless information. Whatever the possibilities of stultification that nestle in such a method, they will be rather fewer in philosophy than in other subjects because the beginner in philosophy, after a few weeks of bewildered cramming eternal truths only to learn in the next lesson that they were temporary errors, soon develops a prudent skepticism and in spite of all text-books begins to think for himself. Thus in philosophy, especially, an introductory text need not be either inspired or inspiring, provided it be accurate, well-arranged, and clear.

Judged by these current standards, Mr. Dresser's elementary history of philosophy down to the Renaissance is an excellent text-book. There are a few errors that would be crucial in an advanced work but are of less moment here; for example, he attributes the skepticism of Protagoras to the influence of Democritus, which in the first place does not make sense and in the second rests only on an old wives' tale of the personal relations of the two; again, his account of Platonic idealism would suggest that Plato's singular views were generally accepted and became an orthodox part of philosophic teaching instead of remaining a heresy which has only lately, and in a certain school, been restored to favor. Mr. Dresser's book is written with an extraordinary simplicity and clarity, and will be easy to teach and easy to study—as easy, that is, as philosophy can be. It is to be hoped that the author will add another volume or a third section to this one, bringing his subject up, or down, to date.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THOUGHT. By *H. L. Hollingworth.* Appleton. $3.

Poetry

POETIC PENNINGS. Edited by *Joseph Dean.* Dean & Co., 112 Fourth Ave., N. Y. $1.50.

GHETTO GUTTERS. By *David George Plotkin.* Seltzer. $2.

LOOKING AT THE WORLD. By *Alexander Zimmerman.* Privately printed.

SYRINGA AT THE GATE. By *Lillie Buffum Chase Wyman.* Marshall Jones.

KALEIDESCOPE POEMS. By *Rosalie S. Jacoby.* Hollywood, Calif.: David Graham Fischer.

TYPES OF POETRY. By *Jacob Zeitlin* and *Clarissa Rinaker.* Macmillan.

SALEM: AN EPIC OF NEW ENGLAND. By *Benjamin Collins Woodbury.* Boston: George H. Ellis

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

THE INCREDULITY OF FATHER BROWN. By *Gilbert K. Chesterton.* (Dodd, Mead.)

THE LAMPLIGHTER. By *Charles Dickens.* (Appleton.)

THE RISE AND FALL OF JESSE JAMES. By *Robertus Love.* (Putnam.)

W. P., Connecticut, is looking for books with specimens of Indian songs; is there any volume with traditional words to traditional music?

THERE are not a few, the most reliable being, of course, those issued by the various museums and societies preserving records of Indian culture; in some of the popular collections the recorder has read into the music his theory of what it should be rather than a record of what it is. The State Historical Society of the State Museum, Colorado, issues a "Book of Southwestern Indian Songs," by Jean A. Jeancon, director and curator, sheet music giving primitive melodies with piano accompaniments by Miss Jeancon, costing $1.25 from the society. From the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., may be obtained two bulletins by Miss Densmore, No. 53, "Chippewa Music" (60 cents), and No. 51, "Teton Sioux Music" ($1.10). The Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, publishes two bulletins by Miss Densmore, No. 75, "Northern Ute Music," and No. 80, "Mandan and Hidsata Music." Many representative songs will be found also in E. S. Curtis's "The North American Indian." "A Study of Omaha Indian Music," including transcriptions of ninety-two songs, words and music, by Alice C. Fletsher, is published by Peabody Museum of Harvard University; it can be purchased, however, only with the complete work of which it is a part, and this costs about five dollars.

One who is interested in careful as well as beautiful transcriptions of Indian poetry will be glad to know that in addition to "The Path on the Rainbow" (Boni & Liveright), a comprehensive collection to which Mary Austin contributed, there has been lately published by Macmillan a small volume of "Indian Love Lyrics" to which she has written an introduction. In this connection the remarkable study of "The American Rhythm," by Mary Austin (Harcourt, Brace), should not be passed by.

Letters from W. T. H., San Bernardino, Cal., and M. J. A., Lake Kushaqua, N. Y., come in the same mail asking what French dictionary I would advise them to get.

SO far as my experience goes, and that of readers reporting to me, Cassell's "French-English and English-French Dictionary" (Funk & Wagnalls) is the most practical for everyday American use; it is the one I would buy for a family library. I am told that it is especially useful for following scientific or trade journals. The headquarters of the Guide being at the moment Paris, it was appropriate that these should be the first letters that reached me there.

M. H., Urbana, Ill., who asked not long since if there were other city maps similar to the "Wonderland" one of London, will be glad to learn that Houghton Mifflin has just published one of Boston under the title, "The Color of an Old City."

THIS is the work of two Boston boys, an architect and a painter, Blake Everett Clarke and Edwin Berger Olsen. It is in four colors, 29 x 38 inches, and costs $2 on paper. It has been a joyful occupation to trace upon its storied surface the streets and sights of a town that for so long carried a sort of golden glory in western minds. That glow finds expression best, I think, in the chapter in Hamlin Garland's "Son of the Middle Border," in which the two boys, who have traveled without sleep or food across half the map to satisfy their souls' desire, find themselves at last blinking at Boston Common, and in the poem by Vachel Lindsay, "So Much the Worse for Boston," chief ornament of his volume "Going to the Sun," in which a Rocky Mountain cat explains to a strayed Bostonian just what his city (which the cat has seen only with the eyes of the spirit) is like. When the native murmurs that he never saw anything like that at home, the cat replies firmly, "So much the worse for Boston."

L. M., Kansas City, Mo., asks for information about a book called "The Elephant God."

"THE Elephant God," by Gordon Casserly (Putnam), a novel published in 1921, is an exciting account, putting some strain both upon nerves and credulity, of what happened in and around a native conspiracy against British rule in India, and especially the important part taken by Badshah, a sacred one-tusked elephant.

B. T., St. Bonaventure, N. Y., goes in a year or so to China as a missionary, and asks for books about customs, history, and characteristics of China and the Chinese.

"CHINA of the Chinese," by E. T. C. Werner (Scribner), is one of a series of compact and comprehensive manuals on the countries of the world, a series in which a high level of usefulness is maintained. This one divides a brief history into three periods, the feudal, the monarchical, and the republican that is now beginning, and has, in addition to much information on many subjects a chapter on merits and demerits. "China: Yesterday and Today," by E. T. Williams of the University of California (Crowell), is a survey of Chinese life and attitude to life, as it appears in history and in the customs and characteristics of the classes of society. It goes to the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922, and there is a vast bibliography. Dr. Arthur Smith's "Village Life in China" and "Chinese Characteristics" (Revell) are old books, but for the general reader have not been superseded; they have been read by more than one generation of missionaries. One of the most vivid as well as one of the most scholarly of the books lately coming into circulation, in which history, arts, and philosophy are woven into a general survey, is Emile Hovelaque's "China" (Dutton), in the translation of Mrs. Lawrence Binyon. "China Today Through Chinese Eyes," by T. T. Lew, Hu Shih, Y. Y. Tsu, and Cheng Ching Yi (Doran), is a result of the Student Christian Movement; it has chapters on the renaissance in China, present tendencies in Chinese Buddhism and the Confucian god-idea, the Chinese church, and the ideas of Christianity that Chinese have gained through contact with Christian nations of the West. "Modern China," by Sih-Gung Cheng (Oxford), makes clear to the western reader the differences of every sort between the North and the South and pays especial attention to the far eastern policy of Japan. This is a good book for one beginning a study of modern political conditions in the far east. Two books resembling fiction will be useful to the student of conditions of women's life: "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard," by Elizabeth Cooper (Stokes), was for some time taken for a personal record, the atmosphere is so convincing. "My Chinese Marriage" (Duffield), by an anonymous American woman, has lately been republished; it purports to be an actual account of a marriage of a gentleman in high Chinese social circles with an American college-bred girl of good family, a marriage that survived parental opposition and other difficulties, and was indeed an ideal union. Reading the book, however, one wonders whether a lady with such a genius for dissolving herself in the personality of another might not have made some success at marriage in almost any part of the world.

The latest book on this subject is "An Outline History of China," by Herbert H. Gowen and Josef W. Hall (Appleton). The latter is the author of a recent popular travel book, "The Land of the Laughing Buddha." This history, though naturally condensed, is readable, and includes the recent revolution. Appleton also published lately "A Tibetan on Tibet," by G. A. Combe, which differs from the other books about this wonder-world in that it is seen through the eyes of a native who told his story to the author. It thus has a peculiar charm, for it is home to him, not a far-off marvel.

L. G. R., New York, is looking for a short story about a girl who served a fifth prune in the traditional four-prune

(*Continued on next page*)

FAR be it from us to be prophets of evil, yet the fact remains that it rained on St. Swithin's Day. If portents speak truth we are in for forty days of inclement weather. And beyond those forty days lies winter when hearth and easy chair have more charm than the open.

Which, if we may be permitted the paraphrase, is the properest day to read? Saturday, Sunday, Monday? Any or all of them, or any other day for that matter, when storms without invite to ease within. Then is the time of times for a book.

So, to return to our dismal forecast, since summer is foreordained to be wet, and winter is certain to be nipping, take thought of the morrow. There is no lack of material promised to make dun days pleasant,—new books by Edna Ferber, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Ellen Glasgow, to cull but a few names from the publishers' announcements. You will want to keep informed about them. But how? Perhaps the *Saturday Review of Literature* can help you in your choice of reading as it does the subscriber who writes us from the Dutch Legation in Bucharest as follows:

I am more than anxious not to miss a single *Review* as living so far from any sort of intellectual center I depend on it entirely to keep me in touch with new books and writers.

And perhaps, too, some friend of yours would find the *Saturday Review* of value. If you think he would, won't you write his name and address on the coupon below and send it to us?

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

25 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

I have mentioned your name to:

_____

_____

_____

If you send a sample copy to this friend of mine who is really interested in books you may find a new subscriber.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

The Evans Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I find in a review of my book "The Rosalie Evans Letters from Mexico" in your issue of May 9th, statements or implications that in justice call for correction.

First, an assumption that the Evans property was included in the Communal lands traditionally belonging to the neighboring villages. This is a mistake. The Evans property was never classified as communal land and was never in possession of any of the villages. From the earliest times it was privately owned. It was acquired by purchase from the Mendizabel family and there was never any question as to the title. Its value prior to Mr. Evans's purchase was considerable. He paid for it approximately three hundred thousand dollars. Its later and greater value was a product of Mr. Evans's enterprise, backed by the expenditure of a large sum in its development. He added to the hacienda buildings and in many other ways brought the property up to a high state of productivity—most important, was his creation of an irrigation system. He sought and found a subterranean spring on the property and built an aqueduct that brought irrigation to the greater part of the hacienda. In all, including the purchase price, Mr. Evans put into the property approximately five hundred thousand dollars.

Second, a further intimation in your reviewer's article is to the effect that in her active protest against confiscation of her property, Mrs. Evans "resisted the laws of Mexico." This is a misapprehension. Mrs. Evans's resistance was not against the laws of Mexico, but against the effort to take property that was clearly under protection of the laws. Her protest was not against the laws, but against a procedure in contempt of the law. The law justifying Mrs. Evans's resistance to the taking of her property is embodied in a treaty between Great Britain and Mexico in which the latter country pledged itself not to expropriate the legally acquired property in Mexico of British subjects. Mrs. Evans, by her marriage, was a British subject.

The facts as here recited are beyond question and if proof be required it is easily available.

Your reviewer accompanies the misstatement that Mrs. Evans "was resisting the law of the land and its constituted authorities" by the further statement that "even her staunch and unflinching defender, Cunard Cummins, the British Chargé, vainly advised her to desist." In a sense this is true, but Mr. Cummins's counsels related not to her just claims, but to the personal danger she incurred in her persistent battle for her rights. His advice was not in discredit of her demands, but the counsel of a friend and an official solicitous for her safety.

While appreciating your generous consideration of my book and particularly the kindly spirit of your reviewer, I feel it necessary to call your attention to the errors above noticed. While obviously casual, they are clearly misleading. They tend to create doubts and inferentially to afford to apologists for the Mexican Government a species of justification, if not for my sister's murder, at least for the conditions that led up to it.

DAISY CADEN PETTUS.

The Scholastics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I express my appreciation of Mr. Ernest Sutherland Bates's review of my "Story of Philosophy" in your issue of July 3rd; and take the opportunity which his criticism offers me of explaining why the book paid such scant attention to scholastic philosophy? One reason was the difficulty of finding in that philosophy sufficient material of contemporary interest to educated men to warrant taking the reader's time for it. Another reason was my conviction—no doubt a prejudice—that the scholastics belong rather to the history of theology than to the story of philosophy, since their ultimate explanations in cosmology, and their ultimate bases in ethics, were supernatural; *there is no more cause for including them* than for including Buddha or Zoroaster. When I considered also the unintelligibility of these men, I thought it was wiser to neglect them in a book whose primary purpose was to arouse the lay reader's interest in philosophy. I am a little piqued at Mr. Bates's suggestion that I left out the gentlemen because I am ignorant of their works. The omission was almost an act of modesty on my part: for as a graduate of a Jesuit college, and a former inmate of a Catholic seminary, I am something of an expert in scholastic theology. I wish I were not.

WILL DURANT.

Mr. Tugwell's Rebuttal

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I gather that, on the whole, Mr. Barnes did not approve of my review of "The History and Prospects of the Social Sciences!" Among other things it appears from his letter to you (1) that I didn't read the book—at least not carefully, (2) that you were most injudicious in asking me to review it because I am not properly equipped for its evaluation, (3) that I was inaccurate and inconsistent in what I said, (4) that because of personal dislike I distorted the facts and opinions presented. This is a fairly complete denunciation.

You will perhaps remember that I undertook the job with some trepidation, knowing Mr. Barnes's uncertain temper. But I think you ought to let me say too, that in printing it you cut it up a good deal—not that this would have made it any more to Mr. Barnes's liking, but that it might have given the impartial observer a better chance of judging whether I went so badly wrong as is implied in this letter to you.

Mr. Barnes is quite correct in saying that I probably remember Simon W. Patten's dislike of certain of Lester F. Ward's dogmas. Anyone who has read Patten would remember that. There is an element of truth in his saying that I am biased against him on that account. It did happen in just that way; but not until I had been a devotee of Ward's for some time. How well I remember the delightful evenings at Philip Minassian's in Philadelphia, who, Ward himself said, was the most understanding student of his work of whom he knew. Patten spoiled a neat little system for me just when everything seemed to be settling into place in it. But it was done so thoroughly that never since have I been able to contemplate devotion to Ward without projecting upon the devotee the immature discipleship I once felt. That this is unjust, must be admitted readily. Also that Ward was one of the greatest of our American scholars. But he was wrong and James, Patten, and Dewey are right—if, of course, I understand them.

Any young American who aspires to be a scholar must envy Mr. Barnes his prodigious energy and his great ability. But that can be done without feeling that he cannot ever be mistaken in judgment. It was an admirable impulse which led to the writing of the "History and Prospects of the Social Sciences;" but, perhaps because my training has been in other schools, and my experience of other sorts, I felt that it was not representative at all points. The exceptions you deleted. But I still feel the same way. Here, I think, Mr. Barnes is unjust in challenging me to name more representative exponents of the fields he covered. Still that should not be difficult, though I have not intended the aspersion on his contributors which is inferred. One can be a solid and faithful scholar without being that genius which represents the great new ideas of his age. My list would have been differently chosen because I should judge differently what these ideas are and who are their best exponents. There can be no question, I should say, about law. Mr. Pound is an outstanding figure, though personally I should have chosen Thomas Reed Powell, or Felix Frankfurter. In sociology, William Fielding Ogburn seems to me to stand out as a commanding figure. He is a very great mathematician, for one thing, which has given him a long start in the new sociology of measurement. In geography, there are both Huntington and J. R. Smith, either of whom would have been better for the purpose. In anthropology, why not Boas—or possibly either Wissler or Kroeber? In psychology there are Stevenson Smith and Jastrow—or why not Watson, himself, for one school and one of Freud's students for the other? Goldenweiser, a long and earnest student of psychoanalysis, would have done it well. Givler and Shepard should not raise objection, as I think I said in my manuscript, though I think Dewey would have been available. In economics, the names are embarassingly numerous to me, but Mr. Bigelow's would not have been among them because I had literally never heard of him before. Perhaps that is my fault, not Mr. Bigelow's; but I do think that any one of half-a-dozen others would have been preferable, when there were Mitchell, J. M. Clark, Hamilton, Wolfe, Slichter, Edie and many others to choose among.

So much for Mr. Barnes's challenge for a better list of contributors. I know something of editorial difficulties and it occurs to me that probably some of his writers were pinch hitters. If this is true, it is something less than frank of him to defend them as the best possible ones. But, as to his final challenge "to state any leading trends in the social sciences covered which are not dealt with as adequately as possible in the volume under discussion," I must confess I am at a loss as to his meaning. Does he mean trends which were ignored? Does he mean trends which were stated but not "as adequately as possible?" Presuming the latter, I think I said what I felt about Mr. Bigelow's treatment of economics. Also that I distinctly wanted to avoid controversy about other fields, though I felt impelled to say some things in general. May I let it go at that?

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL.

A Florida Writer

Editor of *The Saturday Reviews*
SIR:

It seems rather strange that the great interest in Florida brings no mention in our literary reviews and magazines of the writer who first presented the charm of this part of country as a scenic background in literature. This writer, the most distinguished of her recent time among American women novelists, was Constance Fenimore Woolson, and the distinction of her work continues to deserve the attention of all cultivated readers.

Her interest in Florida was roused by a long residence there with an invalid mother. The country before she wrote of it had forgotten the glories of the Spanish Conquistados—it was again undiscovered and asleep! And this Northern women with her vivid pen, and her artist's perception, gave its message of charm for the first time to the world. Those who go to Florida today—as well as those who only go in imagination, should know the haunting charm of "East Angels," whose scene is laid in Spanish Florida. The moving drama of the story, and its powerful characterizations, hold the interest vividly, and no portrait of any novelist stands out more superbly than of Garda Thorne, who epitomized the eternal indolent charm of the South in her irresponsible, selfish, amiable, exotic personality.

But it is the revelation of the scenic note of Florida in this novel that is unforgettable. The handling is comparable to Hardy's and Conrad's—since it accompanies and interprets and emphasizes the story—permeating it with the strange and almost sinister beauty of a semi-tropic land. Descriptions linger in the mind of the reader—Monnlungs Swamp—one of the most dramatic descriptive episodes in all fiction; the sweeping, lonely pine barrens; the old Spanish ruins; the cloying fragrance of avenues of orange trees in bloom.

In one of her groups of short stories, and in her last novel, "Horace Chase," Miss Woolson wrote again of Florida. The land is hers, in a literary sense, by right of Conquest! And her translation of it makes a warm spot of color in our American literary map.

MAY HARRIS.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ration for boarding houses, and rejuvenated all the boarders. M. L. B., New York, asks about a novel part of which he heard read some ten or more years ago, called, he thinks, "The Downfall of the Gods," and introducing him to Angkor.

H. T., Tampico, Mexico, who has read "The Friendly Stars" and "The Ways of the Planets," by Martha Evans Martin (Harper), is led thereby, as many have been, to continue reading along these lines, and learn what he may in this way about the present position of astronomical knowledge.

"ASTRONOMY Today," by the Abbé Th. Moreaux (Dutton), has been translated into English by C. F. Russell, late fellow of Pembroke, Cambridge. The author is Director of the Observatory at Bourges and Member of the British Astronomical Association. This is the latest book to appear in English on this subject; it discusses the most recent explanations of astronomical problems and gives an account of numerous other problems awaiting solution.

As I am often asked for astronomy books for children, here is a chance to speak of "The Stars and Their Stories," lately published by Appleton, in which there are not only the legends of the constellations and much other stellar mythology, but monthly charts by which the beginner may find his way about the sky.

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from preceding page*)

CHRISTIANITY AND NATURALISM. By ROBERT SHAFER. Yale University Press. 1926. $4.00.

This work deserves a less narrow public than it will probably obtain. Its theme is one of universal interest, but its slow and rather ponderous dignity of style is likely to repel all but the academically minded. Professor Shafer seeks in this volume to evaluate dispassionately the conflicting claims of Christianity and Naturalism through an examination of the writings of Coleridge, Newman, Huxley, Arnold, Samuel Butler, and Thomas Hardy, an examination which is always thoughtful but not always, particularly in the case of Arnold, adequate or just. The final conclusion is double-edged, calculated to irritate both the avowed Naturalist and the professing Christian. On the one hand, Naturalism, notwithstanding its admitted contributions to knowledge and human welfare, in the last analysis "can only be regarded as a maleficent when not a self-destroying falsehood;" on the other, "Christianity, as it now stands, is moribund." Nevertheless Professor Shafer argues that in the essence of Christianity is enshrined an internal truth which consists in the recognition of "the probationary character of life, the fact that man, animal though he inexplicably be, is yet a spirit, fighting his way towards freedom in the realm of immaterial reality."

It is doubtful whether "Christianity and Naturalism" will entirely convince many of those who do not already accept its thesis. Professor Shafer's arguments employ, without definition or analysis, too many treacherous "weasel words" such as "necessity," "freedom," "spirit," and the two famous weasel words of his title. There is nothing new or valuable in his attempt to save the dignity of man by withdrawing him from the rest of nature and asserting that science is incapable of touching his "spiritual" life; this is a doctrine which in less worthy hands has often been—and doubtless will be again—used as a cloak for every kind of obscurantism. Nor does one see in what way the eternal truth of Christianity, as given above, differentiates it from Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism, or the religion of Osiris in the Egyptian Book of the Dead. When one finds, as Professor Shafer does in his concepts of Christianity and Naturalism two mutually opposed and inadequate tendencies of thought, it is wiser to attempt a synthesis of both than to reject one and adopt an esoteric interpretation of the other. "Christianity and Naturalism" does not solve its problem, it does not even state its problem rightly, but it does present a deal of material on the subject, it raises all manner of subjacent questions, and is an excellent book on which to sharpen one's philosophic wits.

THE GOTHIC VERSION OF THE GOSPELS. By *G. W. S. Friedricksen.* Oxford University Press. $7.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION. By *Alfred W. Martin.* Appleton. $1.50.

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY: The Story of Our Civilization. Vol. IV: Christianity and Modern Thought. Dodd, Mead. $5.

IS IT GOD'S WORD? By *Joseph Wheless.* Knopf.

THE BOOK NOBODY KNOWS. By *Bruce Barton.* Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50.

LIFE OF OUR MASTER CHRIST JESUS. By *Septina Baker.* San Francisco: California Press. $3.

STRENGTH OF RELIGION AS SHOWN BY SCIENCE. Philadelphia: Davis.

Travel

YOUR UNITED STATES. By *Arnold Bennett.* Doran. $2.50 net.

CONCERNING CORSICA. By *Réné Juta.* Knopf.

A WAYFARER IN UNFAMILIAR JAPAN. By *Walter Weston.* Houghton Miffin. $3.

A WAYFARER IN EGYPT. By *Annie A. Quibell.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

NORTHERN LIGHTS AND SOUTHERN SHADE. By *Douglas Goldring.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. [illegible]KINS

HN ADAMS'S LIBRARY

N commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of John Adams, ond president of the United States, the ston Public Library, custodian of his li- ry consisting of more than 3,000 volumes, holding an exhibition of his books and nuscripts. The Boston *Transcript* has inted a special article about the exhibition d Adams's library from which we conse this brief report.

John Adams collected books all his life, om his early schoolmaster days in Worster to his old age in retirement in Quincy. he largest portion of the collection he ught while on his diplomatic missions in gland, France, and Holland. Many books ere presented to him by the authors of his n time both at home and abroad. hough his collection has its limitations, it is the second largest American private liary of the eighteenth century. If it were d in an American auction room at the esent time, it would bring a handsome ure.

In books on law, government, history and ial philosophy, as well as Greek and tin philosophy and literature, the collecn is specially rich. It is clearly and ematically the library of a statesman, who s at the same time one of the ablest law- s and one of the most learned social nkers of his country and time.

The first row of cases in the exhibition om is devoted to law books such as Blackne's "Commentaries," the large folios of ward Coke's "Institutes," Roger Acher- 's "Britannic Constitution," Jean Bodin's ix Bookes of a Commonweale," Forque's "Laws of England," etc. Some of ese volumes contain the autograph of remiah Gridley, the first mentor of John lams in Boston.

In addition to English civil law, Adams is also well versed in the philosophy of w. The wear and tear on his Grotius, fendorf, Beccaria, and Ogilvie shows that read them over and over. Social philophy held the next place in his interests. The [illegible]ks of Voltaire, Condillac, Condorc[illegible], Helvetius, Fontenelle, and La Rochefouc[illegible]ld all in his library. The Englishm[illegible], Bolingbroke, Hutcheson, John Locke, and Adama Smith are not wanting either. Most of them are in good editions adorned with steel engravings. Besides the general works and leading monographs on English history, there are folios on the history of France, Italy, Sweden, and other countries. History was always near to Adams' heart; it formed an important part of his preparation for studies in social philosophy. Most valuable in this group are his Greek and Roman historians. The copies of Herodotus, Thucydides, Strabo, Xenephon, Tacitus, Sallust, and Livy are shown with his Horace, Cicero, Lucretius, and Ovid. The three-volume edition of Plato's works printed by Henry Estienne in 1578 is the rarest item in that section.

Adams's own works are kept in one group. The two volumes of his "Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States," with its French translation, the "Discourses on Davila," the "Essays of Novanglus" (his pseudonym) are naturally in original editions. The ten-volume edition of his works, published in 1850-56 with the notes of Charles Francis Adams, includes also his autobiography, diary, and portions of his correspondence.

Letters and manuscripts are shown in other cases. His notes at the trial of the British soldiers who perpetrated the Boston Massacre, possess, besides their historical value, a deep human interest. Adams in the face of many threats and risking his whole popularity, undertook the defense, for he thought it to be his duty. His notes contain the depositions of the witnesses, bearing the title: "Evidence of the Commotions That Evening." Side by side with the document lies the facsimile of Paul Revere's famous engraving showing the bloody event. Perhaps the outstanding feature of the exhibition is the numerous interesting and important historical autograph letters but space does not permit mention of them here.

RAREST OF SPORTING BOOKS

A COPY of one of the rarest of all sporting books, Sir Thomas Cockaine's "A Short Treatise of Hunting," 1591, brought the large sum of £2,100 at Sotheby's in London, in June. This small quarto consists of only sixteen pages. It is inscribed to the Earl of Shrewsbury, and apart from the woodcut of a hound on the title page, has seven woodcuts in the text, mostly borrowed from Turberville's book published some fifteen years earlier. This copy had presumably been in the possession of Rev. Philip Bliss, though the initials "P. B." on the flyleaf may be those of some other collector, for the book does not appear in the sale catalogue of the extensive Bliss library sold in 1858. The owner of the initials noted the copy as "supposed to be the only copy in existence." There is, however, one in the British Museum; and Lowndes records the sale of two copies, one of which may be either in the British Museum or the one sold recently—the J. B. Inglis copy, which brought £17, 10s. in 1826; and another with one leaf in manuscript, which sold for £10, 5s. in 1855. All trace of the latter, making the third or fourth copy, seems to be lost.

NOTE AND COMMENT

IT is reported that 131 items in the Clawson sale were purchased by the Harvard Library.

The famous Kurt Wolff collection of incunabula will be sold by Joseph Baer and Company, at Frankfort-on-Main, Germany. The first part containing 850 items will be sold in October.

Laurence Binyon has nearly completed a monograph on "The Engraved Designs of William Blake," in two volumes, which will be published by Ernest Benn, Ltd., during the autumn in a limited edition. There will be twenty plates in color and eighty in collotype. Many of the illustrations have never been reproduced in color before.

One of the few original copies of Magna Charta, the Englishmen's Bill of Rights, wrested by English barons from King John at Runnymede, has just been presented to the Bodleian Library at Oxford by Lord Northbourne. There are only eight other copies known. And unlike the other copies, it is inscribed on a roll of parchment.

The angling narrative, "On Dry-Cow Fishing as a Fine Art," by Rudyard Kipling, published in *The Fishing Gazette*, thirty-five years ago, is now being reprinted the first time, with Mr. Kipling's permission, by the Rowfant Club of Cleveland. The edition will be limited to 176 copies and will be printed for the club by Bruce Rogers and it is said that it will rank among the most attractive of his smaller books.

The current catalogue "Rare Books in Rich Bindings," issued by Putnams of this city, is worthy of note. It is an octavo of 154 pages printed on Bible paper, illustrated with sixteen full page plates of bindings of distinction. Its contents are divided into five sections: "Miniature Books," "Rare and Unusual Single Volumes," "Some Notable Works on Natural History," "Poetry," and "Best Editions of Standard Authors." The cataloguer has been careful in his selections, full and clear in his descriptions, and illuminating in his notes. Its printer has made a fine piece of typography. Collectors interested in bibliography will find it well worth while to preserve this catalogue.

What has become of the books which were in the library of Ben Jonson? This is a query which Professor M. P. Tilley of the Department of English of the University of Michigan is trying to answer. In a letter to the press, Professor Tilley writes:

"In Herford and Simpson's 'Ben Jonson,' Vol. I, Appendix IV, pp. 251-271, there is a printed list of 'Books in Jonson's Library.' The editors of this edition have promised a supplementary list . . . in the final volume should there be occasion for one. A number of Jonson's books now in this country have been omitted from this list, and I am endeavoring to find others that may be included in a future supplementary list. To this end I should be glad to learn of any of Jonson's books known to your readers in order that the reconstruction of Jonson's library may be as complete as possible.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 7 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

MESSRS. DAUBER & PINE invite all Bookers to visit their most interesting Bookshop, ere their large, choice and richly varied stock Old, Rare and New Books in all fields of terature may be leisurely inspected in comrtable surroundings. Open Evenings. Out-Print Books supplied. Catalogues free. braries and small collections of Books purased. DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHIPS, ., 64-66 Fifth Avenue. Phone Chelsea 5670.

LET US SEND YOU our new catalogue of ok Bargains, First Editions, Unusual Importans, and Americana. You'll appreciate our low ces. Chelsea Book Shop, 365 West 15th eet, New York City.

SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS. L BOOKS; LOWEST PRICES. New, used. ck numbers of this magazine. Bargain Catagues free. 832 Westchester Avenue, New rk.

SCOTT NEARING'S BEST BOOKS, the nerican Empire and the Next Step, two volnes for $1.10 postpaid. Robert L. Leslie, 325 ean Avenue. Stuyvesant 1605.

REMAINDER CATALOG of new books sent ee. Mercury Book Mart, 1472 Broadway, ew York City.

RARE EDITIONS

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th ntury, mailed free on application. Howes okseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST. First editions D. H. Lawrence, Machen, etc.), Publications Nonesuch Press, Bruce Rogers items, and her choice and interesting books. Moderately iced. J. Henry Guntzer, Jr., 51 North Reent St., Port Chester, N. Y.

AMERICANA. Send for catalog No. 2 of oks about the history of New York City and ate. Arthur B. Carlson, 503 Fifth Avenue, ew York.

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New ork, dealers in old hitsorical books, Christan Science literature, old laws, autographed tters. Catalogues furnished.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS WANTED. Good prices will be given for desirable letters written by Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor, John Adams, Washington, Franklin, John Paul Jones, Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Mark Twain, John Howard Payne, Lafcadio Hearn and other distinguished Americans. Poems, Hymns and other ms. of famous authors particularly desired. Miscellaeous collections purchased. Goodspeed's Book Shop, Boston, Mass.

SPECIALISTS

THE ITALIAN LITERARY GUIDE SERVICE has a real service to offer booklovers and bookdealers who desire literary information concerning Italy. Send for free copy of the monthly periodical "ITALIANA." Darien, Connecticut.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-Eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' PUBLCATION SERVICE, Editorial, Manufacturing, Distributing, etc. Biographies, Histories, Special Works, Genealogies, Theses, etc. The Branwell Company, 406 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' representative, literary adviser. Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, 342 Madison Avenue, New York. Vanderbilt 9344.

OVERLAND NARRATIVES; the Indians; slavery; the Civil War. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Free catalogue, state language desired. Schoenhof's—established 1856—387. Washington St., Boston, Mass.

GENEALOGY

GENEALOGIES: family and town histories. Genealogical research. Charles O'Connor, 21 Spruce St., New York.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagrams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

18TH CENTURY EDITIONS of the Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists. Many other interesting items. Catalogue. The CHAUCER HEAD, Inc., 32 West 47th Street, New York.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

ANY BOOK SENT ANYWHERE POST-FREE. Are you too far away from bookshops, too busy to browse? We specialize in standing orders for weekly or monthly book packets. Send for particulars. The Post-Box Book Service, 15 West 44th Street, New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1208 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HISTORICAL MATERIAL RELATING to pioneer conditions in the West and South; catalogues on application. Hudson Book Co., 47 West 42d St., New York.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

LITERARY ADVISER; novels, short stories, articles and plays criticized. Will not market but will give frank opinion concerning literary merit. Small fee. Write A. M. Saigh, 4438 N. Racine, Chicago, Ill.

SEND FOR CATALOG of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

MAPS

PLAN OF NEW YORK IN 1664. Compiled from Olde Maps, Documents. Ye Olde Dutch Towne as seen by ye flying bird. Ye picture maps in many colors, shewing owner's Names, Homes, ye Fort, Windmill. Historical facts. 14 by 22 inches. Send $1.00 to Frank Bittner, 81 Irving Place, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quickly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, magazines, English books, etc. No charge or obligation for this service. Announcements free. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. [illegible] 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10[illegible] (Largest exclusive out-of-print specialists the world.)

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS promptly supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York. Caledonia 0047.

THE OUT-OF-PRINT department of BRUSSEL'S will locate the books you want. Brussel's, 57 Fourth Avenue, New York.

YOUR BOOK WANTS solicited. Back numbers of magazines. Thomas M. Salisbury, 87 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

BOOKS WANTED. Sell us your used books. We call, pay and remove immediately. Martin's Book Shop, 97 4th Ave., Manhattan, New York. Stuyvesant 1605.

MORE BOOKS WANTED of the better kind. If you have any, I will gladly buy them and give a really good price. Bender's Book Store, 84 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C. Tel. 4216 Stuyvesant.

MAKE MONEY with old books by reading our want lists every week. Sample, 10c. Book Dealers' Weekly, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FINE acts and rare books. Thoms & Eron, Inc., 89 Chambers St., near B'way, N. Y.

COMPLETE LIBRARIES or Small Collections of Books purchased at all times. Madison Book Store, 55 East 59th Street, New York. Telephone Regent 7994.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, we tried!

The difficulty with describing a book like A. P. Herbert's LAUGHING ANNE is that it is so quotable that you can't somehow get on with the description. But we must try . . . so . . . "LAUGHING ANNE" is the most delightful collection of light verse that . . . well, here's a sample—

The broken reed continued:
"I never swore a swore,
I never kissed a woman's hand
Till I was twenty-four.
They took me to a night club then—
Ah, how was a lad to know?—
And all the rips of Wimbledon
Was dancing in a row;

. . . . .

"Nine—ten—eleven-thirty
And still the music played.
O Heavens, the mushroom sandwiches,
the lights, the lemonade!
Don't tell my mother, etc.

. . .

The New York *Times*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, all the better journals have praised this book. The *Weekly Westminster* said that LAUGHING ANNE held at least seven lyrics that would make a fortune for some musical comedy. But they all quoted at length, too. F. P. A. was the only one who really found the way to describe the book. He did it like this the other morning in the N. Y. *World:*

. . .

How gleeful and gay are the verses of A.
P. Herbert, a poet of Punch!
They're jolly, jejune, and they sing to a tune
That you think of at dinner or lunch.
"Laughing Anne" they are hight; they
are merry and bright;
They are simple and silly and sage
And I'm not either glad or dejected to add
They are published by Doubleday, Page
And Co.
Yo ho!
They are published by Doubleday, Page.

. . . .

LAUGHING ANNE

By A. P. Herbert

Illustrated by George Morrow

At all bookstores, $2.00

The Phoenix Nest

LATELY we were asked by a newspaper to be one of many contributing to a symposium as to which twelve writers of all the world and of all time we considered The Twelve Immortals. . . . The symposium followed *Rudyard Kipling's* casual remark, in his speech acknowledging the medal given him by the Royal Society of Literature in England, that "quite a dozen writers have achieved immortality in the past 2,500 years." . . .

The symposium appeared in a morning paper of the following day. Our own list was obviously stereotype, and we could have gone on naming fifty more writers of the world that we thought worthy of immortality. To name twelve is to give but a poor idea of the many notable achievements in the literature of the world. As to immortality . . .

For instance, few read *John Donne* today, yet the Dean of St. Paul's seems to us just as immortal as the Dean of St. Patrick's whom we included in our list. *Michael Drayton's* poems, lyric and heroic, appear to us to confer immortality upon him among the great of the seventeenth century. Among English writers alone we could name literally dozens worthy of the bays. For twenty-five centuries is a longish time. . . .

Kipling was not to be taken so literally. A more fruitful speculation, it seems to us, might have sprung from an earlier remark of his in the same speech. He spoke of the "unlettered ancestors" of the earliest writers as those who bequeathed them "the entire stock of primeval plots and situations—those fifty ultimate comedies and tragedies to which the gods mercifully limit human action and suffering. This changeless aggregate of material, workers in fiction through the ages have run into fresh moulds, adorned and adapted to suit the facts and fancies of their own generation." . . .

A good examination question for those majoring in English in the colleges would therefore seem to be, "Name the fifty ultimate comedies and tragedies which have through the ages formed a changeless aggregate of material for workers in fiction." . . .

Frankly, we ourselves don't know what they are. Does anyone wish to speculate? Why fifty? And what are they? . . .

Stephen Leacock is still funny. His latest, "Winnowed Wisdom," has made our morning enjoyable and has successfully prevented us from working, which, in itself, is a blessing. After our recent trip we read his "All Aboard for Europe" with special appreciation. His "Outlines of Everything," "The Next War," and "French Politics for Beginners" are high spots in the book. But we aren't sure whether the preface about the Average Man isn't the highest spot. . . .

We think we have already asked diffidently what in —— *Walt Whitman* is doing in the English Men of Letters New Series? He wasn't an English Man of Letters. We learn from the inside of the jacket of *John Bailey's* "Walt Whitman," that "Mr. Bailey is refreshingly temperate in his discussion of the poet's work." Just what this means we shall have to find out. We might be able to tell you, if we hadn't been reading Leacock. . . .

It is with sorrow that we have turned up some very pink slips entitled "Red Star Line. Wine Card," and have noted thereon four bottles of Rudesheimer, one of Sauterne, one of Chablis, and a final Mumm. But where will the poignancy of these memories end! Enough, enough. . . .

Though, at last, the Great Western Railway is vindicated! We have also turned up an excess-fare coupon from Paddington to Princes Risborough, proving that we paid our fare at the last minute, in a mad scramble, when booked for the latter town. Had not a friend met us at that station, to whom we explained that we had lost our receipt, and who vouched for us with the authorities, we might not be home yet. And here the darn thing is, after all. . . .

It's so warm today. We guess that is why we can't get down to work. Rather would we tilt back and be reading *Chesterton's* "The Incredulity of Father Brown" (Dodd, Mead), or *Agatha Christie's* "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" (ditto). We remember Agatha Christie's "The Murder on the Links" as quite a good yarn, and of course the Father Brown series goes on for ever, in which Mr. Chesterton is always ingenious and entertaining, if frequently preposterous. . . .

Edna St. Vincent Millay's sister, *Kathleen Millay*, has written a novel concerning a New Hampshire girl in Greenwich Village. It is called "Wayfarer" and will be published in the fall by the new firm of William Morrow and Company. . . .

Now that Hearst has bought *McClure's* we have heard rumors of his adding *The Century* and even the *Atlantic Monthly* to his string of magazines. We wonder whether such rumors can be substantiated. . . .

In *Edwin Valentine Mitchell's* latest issue of *Book Notes*, *Peter Singleton Gates* leads off with an absorbing paper concerning the late *Roger Casement*, his suppressed diaries and his trial. When we started abroad, *Liberty* was beginning to publish revelations in this connection. . . .

Out of it all not nearly so much revelation as was looked for emerges; but the bitter irony and tragedy of the whole affair is manifest. Casement played the man and took to the full the consequences of his course of action. The lines with which Mr. Gates ends his article, however, seem to us rather shocking, particularly as he seems to speak with authority. He has seen the diaries, we have not, but he concludes with the remarks, "There is one other truth, revealed in his own diaries over a period of years. Casement was a hopeless moral degenerate." . . .

The man is dead, a man who stepped out of life bravely, and resolutely closed his lips upon involving any of his countrymen in his fate; a man who loved his country, Ireland, and died for her. He followed his own lights, but he lived for far more than his own personal safety. Merely for these reasons it seems to us to be hitting below the belt to end an account of him with a charge that the reader is utterly unable to substantiate, inasmuch as the evidence is quite inaccessible. . . .

It gave us a queer start, for Mr. Gates was apparently writing with understanding. Even if true, what has that fact to do with the issue for which Casement died? Casement's claim on our memory is quite other in every respect. . . .

Samuel Roth's Two Worlds Monthly is just out on the news-stands, and contains, as promised, the first instalment of *Joyce's* "Ulysses." Now it can be more widely read. Also, reprinted from one of *Ralph Hodgson's* earliest slim volumes of poetry, is a group of five short poems, less familiar than his later work. The number opens with an excellent short story by *D. H. Lawrence*. . . .

Sean O'Casey, it is reported from London, *via The Evening Standard*, asseverates that he wishes to be buried "in what polite society calls evening dress." He has refused to wear conventional evening clothes since being a "lion" in London. "The most formidable of Mayfair butlers," states O'Casey, "would be insufficient to induce me to incarcerate my body in the ridiculous thing called evening dress. I think a dinner jacket and a hard shirt are among the funniest things in the world." . . .

O'Casey says he has dined with *Lady Lavery*, *Augustus John* and *G. B. S.* when none of them wore evening dress. He thinks *G. B. S.* wore a kilt. But he has—O'Casey has—decided to wear evening dress in his coffin. As a shroud he thinks the costume wouldn't be so bad. . . .

We regret to differ with Mr. O'Casey. Most of the younger men have seemed to us more distinguished when we saw them in dinner jackets than otherwise. Some of them look like fools, of course,—but then some men look like fools in any costume. As long as no one tries to insert us into a dress-shirt in weather as hot as this we shall have no general objection to evening dress. In fact, it's rather restful to "dress up" in winter, after a long grubbing day at the office. . . .

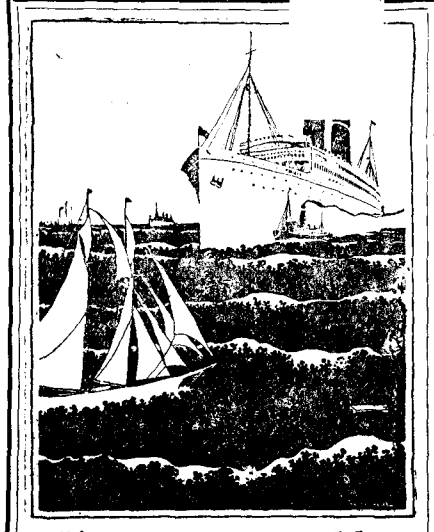
So long as knee-breeches don't come in, we're fairly safe. For our calves leave much to be desired. . . .

Bong swarr, as they say in Paris.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Nonesuch Press announces the early publication of George Moore's new romance, "Ulrick and Soracha," in an edition limited to 1,250 copies. Each copy is numbered, is signed by the author, and has a copperplate design by Stephen Gooden.

The Cambridge University Press has nearly ready "A Bibliography of Sir Adolphus William Ward, 1837-1924," who, though he desired that no formal biography of himself should be written after his death, left instructions that a bibliography of his writings should be printed, in hope that it might be of service to students.



If you cannot travel by boat, travel by book!

SWITZERLAND IN SUMMER
By W. and C. CADBY
Illustrated, $2.00

A WAYFARER IN HUNGARY
By GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM
Illustrated, $4.00

A WAYFARER IN UNKNOWN TUSCANY
By EDWARD HUTTON
Illustrated, $3.00

PEACOCKS AND PAGODAS
By PAUL EDMONDS
Illustrated, $3.50

LOMBARDY, TYROL AND THE TRENTINO
By HUGH QUIGLEY
Illustrated, $3.50

PARIS FOR EVERYMAN
Illustrated with maps, $1.25

OLD TIME PARIS
By GEO. F. EDWARDS
Illustrated, $2.00

THE VANISHED CITIES OF ARABIA
By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE
Illustrated, $6.00

Dutton's
681 Fifth Ave. New York

GRAVEN IMAGES

"Easily takes its place among the best poetry which has appeared this season." *Springfield Union.*

"Very musical, delicate, spirited. . . . Her poetry sings." *Boston Transcript*
"There is white passion here and always the love of life; the life of love." *Katherine Lee Bates.*

$1.50 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

CARESSE CROSBY

TO-MORROW'S TANGLE

ENMESHES a girl, two men and three phases of modern love.

Margaret Pedler

Untangles the web with dramatic dexterity in this latest of her great romances.

$2.00 Everywhere

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED